LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1850.

TRACKS OF A TRAVELER.

BY THE EDITOR.

At the conclusion of my last communication, the reader was left amidst the grandeurs and sublimities of Niagara, where the mist and the sunbeam had arched two rival and sometimes hostile governments together, by a bow of eternal peace and promise. In this we must wander along down the noble river, with our backs to the point of destination, that we may the better view, at every step, the wonderful pageantry of the falling, boiling, whirling waters. Then, leaving this glorious scene altogether, we must take our departure to parts as yet unvisited, where novelties will break upon us.

About one mile and a half below the cataract hangs the suspension bridge, a web of wires, the most beautiful of the works of art. The old Greek philosophers, of the Leucippan school, maintained that the human race originated in the common grasshopper; and the women, in honor of this doctrine, wore golden grasshoppers, as ornamental clasps, upon their hair. Should I ever be tempted to such a notion, in defiance of modern knowledge, touching the immutability of species, I should not be so apt to consider man a grasshopper, as I should to regard him as a grown and well-educated spider; and, should this Leucippan throng have disciples in this country, as it has in France under the influence of the immaculate and luminous Lamark, they ought to elect Mr. Ellet, the magic thread-puller, to be the grand and sole patriarch of the whole family of spiders. There hangs his work, right over the boiling and hissing waters, suspended upon a few spider's threads, which the arch-spider has attached to each bank in a most curious manner. As you step upon it, you hesitate and draw back, expecting to hear the threads snap, and see the fancy-work of a summer night, fabricated in majestic sport by a sort of jubilee effort of the Niagara spiders, part at once and float downward with the wind, as it comes rushing along the deep channel of the river. But the work disappoints you. It stands in spite of your weight upon it. A number of persons follow you; and though, at every fall of a foot, the airy creation sways this way and that, it breaks not,

but bears you all up securely. Next comes a venturous man, with a venturous horse, and in a venturous little vehicle, and drives fearlessly and proudly over. Last of all, to your astonishment, a huge, clumsy, veritable omnibus, crammed with ladies, and gentlemen, and loafers, just as you would see one in the most prosy and authentic style of New York or Cincinnati, rattles up upon this half-real, half-imaginary, and altogether fairy bridge, as if it were built up of rock and mortar from the unmoving base that sustains earth and heaven. Wonderful! What strength there can be in those slender threads you are at a loss to tell; and, even should these hold you, it is still more impossible to determine why the frail work does not capsize and let you out, or break and fly downward with the breeze. You look over the threadbuilt railing of the sides to see what keeps it all so steady; and, lo! there meets your eye the most wonderful part of all this erection of the cunning spiders. From the two sides of the bridge, and attached to the big threads on which the plank floor is laid, run out to either bank of the river a host of other threads, which, clinging to the rocks and trees in the most approved spider-thread style, hold the whole affair as firmly as any one can imagine. All is wonderful and beautiful! So soon as you get a little confidence in your position, as you stand on this structure three hundred feet above and over the fearful torrent, your admiration is for a moment divided between the work of God and the work of man, till you remember that man's work is also God's work, when your heart swells with unspoken thanksgiving and unworded but felt praise to the sole wisdom, to the original Intelligence, to the glorious Creator!

RAILROAD OBSERVATIONS.

It is a sin against the emotion of sublimity, that, in going down the Niagara river, in view of the grandest scenery of this planet, a stranger's only chance of motion is to ride in the cars of a common-place railroad. In such a region, surrounded by such sights, one wants nothing but the most primitive and inartificial methods of conveyance. A horse, and a bark canoe, would be enough for a romantic traveler. A poet might wish for a cloud, or a fairy chariot, or the wings of Eurus or of

Vot. X.-18

Auster. A good pair of feet, such as a good Providence has given me, would have answered my ambition, had it not been for baggage. However, partly from the necessities of a bad road, and partly from its close proximity to the steep river bank, the cars move so slowly, that a fair look now and then is not at all impossible. The eves of all were out, including those of the few residents at Niagara who were traveling with us, as we were passing along the river; and this reminds me of a remark made by an old inhabitant, while I was stopping there, that, though he had seen the Falls daily for more than twenty years, he never passed within sight of them, or within view of the surrounding localities, without taking a new look, and perhaps discovering some new wonder. God's works, like his glorious word, are always new to a fit observer. For myself, as the train went slowly on, I was lost in what I beheld, for the twentieth time, perhaps, above, beneath, and about me. Above were great masses of cloud, broken off from one boundless and more massive cloud, from which we had, only a day before, received a mixed tempest of rain, and hail, and snow, and wind, and "the lightning of thunder." Beneath was the boiling river, full in sight, with its rocks, and rapids, and foaming currents, and fearful whirlpool, eddying, and whirling, and dashing, and raging, and roaring, as it has done and will do forever. About me was a broad plain, cut into halves by the deep channel of the Niagara, spreading out on both sides to the horizon, but mostly concealed by its groves, and orchards, and human habitations. Soon, however, all was gone, disappearing in a single moment, as we descended an inclined plane on our approach to Lewiston.

A TRIP BY WATER.

Taking passage on the English, or Canadian, steamer, Chief Justice Robinson, I turned my two eyes lookingly toward Toronto. This, as the reader knows, is the new capital of the two Canadas; and as the Provincial Parliament was to opened by the famous Lord Elgin, in a few days after my proposed arrival, I was full of buoyancy and expectation. Every thing on board was English. We had an English captain, an English crew, an English company, and an English dinner served up by English cooks in the English fashion. The beef, and the pork, and the bread, and the beer, and the wine, and the very knives and forks were English. The chairs and settees were English. The conversation was all English. The very wind that whistled around the rigging of the ship, and the brawling waves that beat upon its sides, had an English brogue about them. Before I was aware of it, after feeding upon this English dinner, and looking upon all these English objects, I began to turn into an Englishman myself; for I caught myself, more than once, uttering my words with an English accent, and even saying most loyal things of "her Majesty," the mother of so many little English noblemen. As there was "a deal" of monotony in

all that English voyage, I laid me down upon one of those English sofas, and took a first-rate English nap, till, at the sound of the big bell of the boat, I roused up and found myself in the capital of the English Canadas.

THE CITY OF TORONTO.

In less than fifteen minutes after arriving at Beard's Hotel, a splendid house kept on the English plan, I was urged by "mine host" to see the city with him; and, in five minutes afterward, we were seated in a barouche, riding through the beautiful and broad streets of that almost unparalleled little town, scrutinizing every thing as we passed, and making such comments as occurred to us. Such unexpected and really-unusual kindness, on the part of the courteous and obliging landlord, set me at once on the best of terms, not only with him, but with every thing about me. Still, independently of this influence, I was greatly pleased with the external aspect of the city. The streets are very broad, well built, and entirely clean. The sidewalks, on the principal avenues, are in the very best of order. They are constructed of brick in the center of the town, but on the long streets which form, if I may so say, the fringe or margin of the city, they are made of plank, and are solid, durable, and picturesque. Toronto is, also, distinguished for the magnificence of its churches. The Episcopal cathedral is in ruins; but the Catholic cathedral, together with the Methodist, Baptist, and Preshyterian houses of worship, as well as the houses of some other denominations, are large, spacious, and highly-ornamental buildings. In no place, east or west, in the States or Canadas, have I seen more elegant, chaste, and yet imposing steeples. The other public edifices are all respectable, while some of them, such as the City Hall, the Lawyers' Hall, and the new Parliament House, are much more than barely respectable. The Lawyers' Hall is really grand. The Parliament House stands nearly on the shore of Lake Ontario, sufficiently distant, however, to give it a good breadth of foreground, and sufficiently elevated to furnish it with a wide view of both land and water. The hotels, with the single exception of Beard's, where I had the good fortune to be directed, are rather ordinary structures. Beard's is a new, commodious, elegant building, and the house is kept in the very best style of the English fashion. More than twenty times, during my four days' sojourn, I walked out to the crossing of Church and King streets to enjoy the really-splendid vistas radiating, in four directions, from the point of standing. I have seen nothing superior to those views in all the cities I have visited from the beginning to the end of all my rambles.

EATING AND DRINKING.

Before reaching the city I had been advised, by certain American gentlemen, with whom I happened to fall in company, to put up at the American House, as I would feel myself more at home with a landlord of my own country. I told them

that, had I wished to feel myself at home, I should have stayed at home; that I was traveling on purpose, in part, to be away from home, and to see things unlike the things of home; and that I particularly desired to become acquainted with the habits and customs of an English hotel, of which I had read so often, but of which I knew precisely nothing. So, to Beard's I proceeded directly after landing; and, as I have said before, it was a most fortunate circumstance. The landlerd is a perfect gentleman, indefatigable in his exertions for the comfort of his guests, and really skillful in his efforts. His house is a noble structure. The halls, and saloons, and public rooms, are all clean, and sweet, and well furnished. At night the whole building is illuminated by gaslights, even to the bed-rooms. If a guest feels a little lonely, as I did, he can have one of those beautiful jets of light, from night till morning, to keep him company. When the morning comes, he is called up at an early hour, but not till eight o'clock does he take his breakfast. At twelve precisely he is invited to a substantial lunch of common drinks, and meats, and vegetables. At five comes his English dinner, consisting of every eatable furnished by the market, served up in a most sensible way, almost creating an appetite in the most fastidious eater. At eight o'clock in the evening the tables are again spread for supper. The reader will, therefore, perceive, that I have a right to devote one paragraph to a notice of this eating and drinking, since the four days of my residence in Canada were signalized by these proceedings more than by all others. Some American gentlemen might be annoyed by these frequent demands of the table on them; but there were reasons why they could give me but little or no annoyance. The reader knows, it may be from personal experience, that the first month or two after being relieved from the starvation of a western fever, a man is not apt to be asleep at dinner-time. That was exactly my condition; and, therefore, when the gentlemanly and benevolent landlord, in all the kindness of his disposition, proposed to give me a separate table, with only three meals a day upon it, according to my country's fashion, if I felt any inconvenience from his English customs, I considered it my duty to inform him, that the arrangements of his house would not particularly discommode me.

A LONG SESSION.

Not of the Canadian Parliament, nor of our own Congress, nor of any legislative body, but of a party of English gentlemen at an Anglo-Canadian dinner-table, am I now discoursing. Beard's, it must be remarked, is the place of general rendez-vous for the M. P. P.'s—members of the Provincial Parliament—at its current session; and these functionaries, when on duty, naturally feel at liberty to keep up, to the very letter, the customs of the mother country. With several of these characters, among whom I had the good fortune to number Col. Prince and Mr. Christie, I had formed a hasty

but very agreeable acquaintance; and they, with marked politeness, had made me, on more than one occasion, an honorary member of their raty. One day at dinner, after the cloth was removed, I perceived immediately, that my new friends were preparing for a real English sitting; and, as it is one of those things we read of, but which I had never witnessed, I accepted their invitation to sit with them. Nuts, apples, and oranges, were the eatables before us; and the political condition of the Canadas was the topic of conversation. Before I was aware of the time thus spent, supper was laid upon the table. This caused no interruption to the business of eating and talking. The tables were again cleared, and the business of nut-cracking, orangesucking, and talking, went on as usual. At nine o'clock at night I felt as if I had got enough of this long session; but they pressed me so fervently to stay, that I concluded, for the sake of obtaining a full-length portrait of this singular custom, to sit out the sitting. At ten o'clock they seemed to be satisfied with their dinner; and I went to bed ruminating on the political, social, and other influences of this time-honored but unreasonable habit. A LIVE LORD.

Never, in all my days, till the period of my Canadian travels, had I seen a veritable lord, a live lord, a lord of old and lordly England; and so, hearing that the Provincial Parliament was to be opened, on the fourteenth of the month, by Lord Elgin in person, I resolved to be present, if possible, at the ceremony. It was a question, however, how I should get admission, since the lobbies of the house are very small, and the tickets to be given out would be, consequently, very few. My honorable friend, Mr. Christie, interposed in my behalf, writing to the Speaker to grant me a ticket after all the regular tickets had been distributed. The request was duly honored; and I received at once a billet of admission and the autograph of the most honorable of all the honorables of the Parliament. At three o'clock the Governor-General was to deliver the opening address. At twelve the city was overflowing with Canadians, Americans, Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, from all the surrounding regions. At one the military began to form. At two they were en route for the Governor's palace. At three they commenced their march toward the capitol. At four they opened their columns before the great door of the house to let his Excellency go through on his ascent to the hall of the legislative council. At half-past four the crowd of ticketed visitors, making about one in fifty of all that had assembled in high hopes of witnessing the pageant, were admitted to the pro-royal presence. As we entered, I heard a voice-whose source I could not divine-uttering something in a marked English accent. There was any quantity of confusion in the lobbies. The citizens of Canada, as I learned that day, are very tall, or some of the citizens of the States are very short; for, certainly, with all my efforts at crowding, and pushing, and

stretching up, it was impossible to obtain the first glimpse of the individual-whom I supposed to be the gentleman who seated the congregation-from whose guttural throat the deep, broken, English accents were proceeding. Not till the talker was nearly through, and I had been nearly jammed to death by the uproarious crowd, did I hear enough to give me the hint that I was listening to the words of the Governor-General of the Canadas. On getting this hint I did my best to see him. All my exertions were unavailing. I could see the canopy of the throne, rich in its bright red silk, its red tassels, and all the other demonstrations of its deep redness. I could see the ceiling of the hall, handsomely set off with a variety of ornaments, the walls with their hangings, and the celebrated portrait of Victoria, which had been saved by some loyal hand at the Montreal conflagration. I could see the tops of numberless heads, Scotch, English, and Irish, many of which, with a sort of innate loyalty, were as red as the royal canopy. But by all I could do, I found it totally impossible to get sight of the august blockhead, who had enraged the two provinces for no purpose, and who was then pronouncing, as I afterward discovered, a most empty speech as a sort of concluding proof of his blockheadedness. In a few minutes the voice ceased, the crowd hushed, and there was a vast stillness, when, by dint of a most dangerous and difficult act of self-stretching. I obtained one full, fair, ravishing view, not of the noble dunce himself, but of the tip end of his tall, military cap, adorned with the royal feather. Nothing could have been more satisfactory!

THE POMP CONCLUDED.

Determined, after all, to behold that piece of flesh and blood, by which the majesty of the British empire is represented, I took my position, after leaving the great hall, by one of the wheels of the royal carriage. Scon there was a great noise near the doorway. The word came echoing along, between the two files of the re-formed military, to "clear the way," and to "make room," just as if any body wished to keep that empty-headed nobody from quitting a place which he could not honor. My eyes were set to see the glory of the great queen beaming forth from the illustrious person of her chief monkey. Just at this moment, however, a disturbance happened among the few horsemen posted behind the vehicle, by which my attention was diverted for an instant. On turning my head back again, lo! the great lord had nearly reached his seat; and all I saw of him, after all my enterprise, was that part of his attire which would naturally be last visible on his crawling through a low door into a tolerably-low carriage. A gun or two was now fired. The boys shouted. The men hissed. The procession, led by his Excellency's coach, increased by several other coaches, and closed up by eight or ten dirt carts, filled with dirty Irishmen, holding their spades up in rank derision, advanced with solemn gravity to the gate of his lordship's palace, where the crowd took leave of him. Instantly, the procession broke up, the people dispersed, and the farce was over!

PROVINCIAL POLITICS.

In all countries the political condition of their people can be determined, with some accuracy, by the number of parties into which they are divided. Occasionally, where there is great harmony of opinion and of sentiment, as twice in the history of our own government, there will be but one party. Generally, however, as we learn from the annals of all nations, the innumerable wills of the population fall into two opposing wills, because the smaller wills of the people are not sufficiently intense to assert themselves above the two great and universally-prevalent maxims of social policy. All nations, nearly at all times, and under all circumstances, have been divided on the question, whether the better class of citizens, or all the citizens, good and bad, should make the laws and administer them. It is argued by one class, that, as all the people have to obey the laws when made, they have a natural right to help make them. It is argued by the other class, that, as the laws of a people are always the representative of the characters of those who make them, and tend to elevate or depress the character of the nation governed by them to their own standard, they ought to proceed from the best spirits, from the purest and greatest individuals, among that people. These two parties are distinctly recognizable in the histories of Babylonia, of Egypt, of Persia, and of all the nations of antiquity. In Greece they were called the Democratic and the Aristocratic parties; and not only were both found in all the Grecian cities, but the whole country, as one nation, was cantoned out between them. At the head of the Democratic Greeks was Athens, their most literary and enlightened city; at the head of the Aristocratic Greeks was Sparta, unrivaled for its military spirit; and these, at the head of their respective dependent cities, waged an eternal war, till Democracy and Athens fell before the serried ranks of Aristocratic Sparta, to rise and flourish no more forever. In Rome these two sides were reproduced in the Plebeian and Patrician parties, which, from the days of Romulus to the Cæsars, strove against each other, till both were overwhelmed and lost in that military despotism by which every thing Roman was ultimately subverted. During the middle ages, in all the modern nations, these two parties again appeared in the contests carried on, so fiercely and so long, between the lordly barons and their feudal subjects. When England began to be one of the great powers of Europe, it was a feudal country, in which the phraseology of lords and commons soon became designative of the same indestructible distinctions. America, at her settlement, drew these opposing principles from England, from France, from Spain, and from other countries, or, rather, brought them over with and within the very hearts and heads of the immigrating people. They are here to-day, in this land of

universal suffrage; for one class of citizens declare, that this universal suffrage ought to select lawmakers from all ranks and orders of the population, foreign and native, virtuous and vicious, idle and industrious, that every interest may be represented; while the other class maintains the principle, that a republican knows nothing of these ranks and orders, but proposes to elect the best and wisest citizens from the whole country to make and administer our laws. In the same manner the two Canadas are divided. There, however, at this particular time, circumstances have created other parties. There is a French population, constituting a French party, who, in full recollection of the English conquest of Canada, by which the original French settlers were compelled to show an unfelt submission to English supremacy, are still ready, as they ever have been, to throw off the yoke of English servitude. There is an American population, immigrants from the northern and eastern states, who, strengthened by the Irish, Scotch, and other malcontents, whose native prejudices are against English domination, and who are naturally or by contiguity friendly to a republican form of government, make use of every opportunity of multiplying the bonds of connection between the Canadas and this country. There is an English population, with the powerful Col. Prince at its head, who, having left the mother-land with a settled discontent toward the iron sway of the imperial government, but who still retain their English antipathies to our republican institutions, wish to declare the independence of the provinces and set up an independent government. There is an anti-French party, chiefly located in Upper Canada, which desires nothing so much as the eternal overthrow or subjection of the French throughout the country. There is, also, among all the rest, a royal party, made up of a few honest admirers of the imperial government, and of many "seven-principled" Englishmen, as John Randolph would have called them, who take the five loaves and the two fishes of her Majesty's royal patronage without troubling their consciences with questions of difficult solution. These, without going farther into the political and national subdivisions of the people, are the parties now conspicuous in the Canadas; while it is a fixed habit of them all, a sort of harmonizing spirit, by which the unity of the provinces seems to be preserved, to regard the present Governor-General, his Excellency, Lord Elgin, as beneath the contempt of every citizen. Such is the actual condition of Canadian politics at this moment. RELIGIOUS PARTIES.

The original French settlers of the provinces were, of course, chiefly Catholics; and their descendants, with no inconsiderable lose of strength, however, now constitute the basis of the Catholic party. The English brought in Protestantism; and, though inferior in numbers, the English Church soon acquired a supremacy in all matters connected with religion. This they have held till

very recently, though opposed by the whole body of dissenters. Their policy has been quite characteristic. By royal grant one-seventh of the crown lands were given, many years ago, to the maintenance of the "Protestant religion:" and no people were considered Protestants, by the Church of England in the Canadas, but the communicants of its own order. In addition to the "Clergy Reserves," as these crown grants are called, one of the Governor-Generals established a large number of rectories for the sole benefit of the standing order. This disposition of the property of the provinces was, of course, opposed by all the other denominations; and when the matter was appealed to the highest judicial tribunal of the mother country, it was decided, that the Episcopalians were not the only people regarded as Protestants by the laws authorizing the grant of the crown lands and the establishment of the rectories. Since that decision the property has been divided, but so unequally and iniquitously divided, that nearly all the denominations are dissatisfied. The clergy-reserve question is now the great ecclesiastical question of the country. The Methodists are the only people who seem to care nothing at all about it; and they are the leading denomination in both provinces.

METHODISM IN CANADA.

Methodism in the Canadas derived its existence from three sources; and there are now, consequently, three distinct organizations. When taken together, they are the most powerful body of Christians in that country, though the two smaller branches are not very numerous. The Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada has its headquarters at the city of Hamilton, and publishes a paper, which is entitled the Canada Christian Advocate. The Wesleyan Methodists are very strong, not only in numbers, but in wealth and intelligence. They have a Book Concern at Toronto, where they publish a paper, called the Christian Guardian, which is ably conducted by Rev. Mr. Sanderson. Their Book Concern, which, for a long time, has been wisely and efficiently managed by Rev. Anson Green, seems to be in a thrifty condition. The President of the conference, Rev. Dr. Rickey, a most amiable and able man, was absent from the city during my visit; but his brethren speak of him in the highest terms of respect and even admiration. I had the pleasure, while there, of hearing sermons from Rev. Mr. Squier and Rev. John Ryerson, whose discourses were evangelical, and profitable, and able; and it was my purpose, also, to listen to the Rev. Mr. Davis, a very intelligent man and good minister, but I was disappointed by an accident. Rev. Mr. Wood, the well-known superintendent of missions, happened to be at home; and I had the gratification of conversing with him, more than once, much to my edification. All the Methodist clergymen, with whom I met at Toronto, seemed to be gentlemen of great worth and high standing among their fellow-citizens. The third order of Methodists, I believe, are very few in

number, and have but little power, as yet, of accomplishing any thing for the cause of piety or of Methodism. Indeed, I feel bound to say, that I saw but little of them; and what I did see gave me not a very favorable opinion of their spirit. Being chiefly discontents, broken off from the larger bodies, they seem to entertain not a very magnanimous set of feelings toward their elder brethren. Taken in the aggregate, however, Methodism is the leading religious power in the Canadas, numbering not far from three hundred ministers and a proportionate membership. It is my fervent prayer, as it must be that of every right-minded reader, that these ministers and members, in concert with other denominations, may be able to spread a pure and glorious Gospel over all the lands included within the Canadas!

A CHANGE OF PURPOSE.

It was a part of my plan of travel, when leaving home, after touching at Toronto, where I was called by business, to coast along slowly, on the northern shore of Ontario, and so enter the St. Lawrence, visit Montreal and Quebec, and then deflect southward by Lake Champlain and the river Hudson. But the M. P. P.'s from the north-eastern districts, and particularly my excellent friend, Mr. Christie, discouraged my visiting the St. Lawrence so early in the season. He gave me a singular illustration of the coolness of the weather, saying, that when he passed through Quebec, about the tenth of May, the citizens were quarrying the ice from the streets, and that he saw blocks of ice, thus quarried, not less than three feet thick! It would not have been difficult to credit this statement had it not been supported by the word of so excellent a man as Mr. Christie; for every day, since my arrival in these boreal regions, had been almost as cold as a common winter. May, the month of sunshine and of flowers, had been a month of hail, and snow, and piercing winds. Canada was no place, nor was this the time, for making poetry about this favorite season of the year. The poets were all confounded every hour. One of the sweetest of the whole had pictured the vernal months in one of the most striking figures ever drawn:

"The Queen of the spring, as she passed down the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale."
But this year, in Upper Canada at least, such
poetry would have been the worst of prose. As
I stepped on board the shivering little steamer
Niagara, to cross the cold lake to Oswego, I looked
back upon the wind-shaken town and the frost-bitten country, and volunteered an amendment to the
verse:

The Queen of the spring was so chilled by the breeze, That she buttoned up her cloak for fear she should freeze!

"The soul," says Bond, "is formed for an everlasting world, and its duration will be coeval with the years of Him in whose brow there is no wrinkle, and who sits upon the throne forever." INFLUENCE OF NATURE ON THE FEELINGS.

BY ELLA.

All the feelings of our nature must be influenced, in a greater or less degree, by the external world. We are surrounded on every side by objects that are calculated to call forth all our sympathies. We look at nature in her thousand forms, all of which speak to our hearts in a language which we can understand. The caroling of birds, the rustling of the leaves, the gentle murmurs of a brook, or the rushing sound of mighty waters, will awaken sad, increase of the state of the state

joyous, peaceful, or sublime feelings.

The seasons, especially, remind us of man's varied life. It is early spring. There is that indescribable something in the air, which has a tendency to breathe cheerfulness into the heart. We see the earth budding forth in fresh beauty, and feel as if there was a new world opening to us. Hope spreads fresh flowers in our path, and we feel again the sweet, innocent joy of happy childhood. Wandering abroad we look upon the early flowers with a sweet, mournful pleasure. We know that a few scorching suns, or chilling winds, and their sweetness will be gone forever. We compare them with the loved, the beautiful of earth. They gladden us for awhile with their sweet smiles; but when exposed to the warm breath of flattery or the cold neglect of the world they wither, droop, and die.

Again: summer comes with all its wealth of fullblown flowers. All is perfection. Fields are covered with grain, ripening for the harvest. Trees are laden with rich fruit. The whole earth is filled with beauty. Every thing promises plenty, and speaks of happiness. Will not the human heart be lifted up in gratitude to the benevolent Author of all these blessings? Surely there is much in nature to inspire devotional feelings. Who has not enjoyed the calm, tranquil feelings which a lovely summer evening is so well fitted to call forth? We love to sit and gaze upon the clouds of varied hues-We forget our present sorrows, and dream of a bright futurity-of the many happy hours to come. What sweet visions pass before the mind!-visions that will never be realized; for they have their existence only in the pensive dreaminess of the hour. Gradually the stars come out, one by one, each vieing with the other in loveliness. We look upon them, and we think of the God of heaven-of the loved ones who have gone before us to that better land. We imagine each bright star to be the residence of some pure spirit, and we love to think that, at this quiet hour, they are bovering over usthat their hallowed influence is around us;

"We feel as if a breath might put aside
The shadowy cartains of the spirit land,
Revealing all the loved and glorified
That death has taken from affection's band."

Then there is autumn. What varied lessons does it bring! The leaves are changing. Every hue and color meets the eye. We see human life pictured in all, its shades. We watch the first leaf that turns, and think of man's decline. A few weeks more, and they will all fall.

"And shall humanity not sympathize
With desolation which is like its own?
So do our early dreams fade unfulfilled—
So does our hope turn into memory."

May we not also compare it with one who has lived to an old age—who has seen all those who began life with him—the companions of his youthful days laid low—his own loved and cherished ones—those who clustered round him, even as the leaves to the bough? They all are gone, and he stands alone.

Stern winter comes, and it brings lessons also. From it we may learn much if we will listen to its teachings. We look upon the drifted snow, and think of the accumulated sufferings of mankind. May not its purity, however, bring to mind the spotless robes that are now worn by those who have patiently endured like sufferings, and are now reaping their glorious reward?

When we listen to the low-moaning wind, it should remind us of the moans of the poor, and animate us to works of charity. While all the streams are frozen ever we should be mindful to keep the fountains of our hearts warm and gushing, running over with benevolence. Then will winter bring peace to our own hearts, and make many a humble fireside the scene of joy and happiness.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. B. C. GAVITT.

When daylight fades away,
And evening shadows fall,
'Tis blest 'mid scenes to stray
That wake at Memory's call,
And live again those sorrows past,
Too bright for earth, too pure to last.

The scenes of by-gone days
Steal gently o'er the soul,
With bright, seraphic rays,
From Memory's faithful goal,
And melt the heart with magic power,
While musing in this tranquil hour.

Here in communion sweet,
And fellowship divine,
We kindred spirits greet,
And fragrant garlands twine
For friendship, such as angels feel,
Pure, holy, stamped with Heaven's seal.

Religion's hallowed light,
With consecrating power,
Reveals its treasures bright,
And radiates this hour
With brilliant scenes of future joy,
And bliss supreme, without alloy.

THE DEATH OF WORDSWORTH.

FROM MARTIN P. TUFPER, ESQ.

I.

We will not sorrow for the glorious dead;
Death is the life to glory's hallowed sons!
Above this body, in its prison-bed,
Soar the free spirits of those blessed ones
Waiting in hope, on heavenly manna fed:
To such rich feast in beauteous raiment led,
Why should we wail for him, as those who wept
Some Lycidas or Bion of old time,
Mourning as dead the soul that only slept?
No, rather let the pean rise sublime
For nature's poet-priest from nature's voice—
Let sea and sky be glad, and field and fen,
And pastoral vale, and thunder-riven glen,

II.

And dewy Rydal in her bard rejoice!

For there, by hill and dale, in sun or shade,
He "communed with the universe" in love;
"The deep foundations of his mind" were laid—
Sphered in their midst—on all around, above:
He read God's heart in all his hand hath made;
Then, in the majesty of simple truth,
To man's dim mind he showed the mind of God
Lustrous and lovely, "full of pity and ruth"
For high and low, the sunbeam and the sod!
So did he teach in age, as erst in youth,
To turn away from passion's lurid light,
And yearn on purer things of lowlier birth,
Pure, because lowly, which, in God's own sight,
As in his servant's, are the pearls of earth.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY SARAH J. STARP.

STRANGE and unearthly thoughts

Come rushing through my brain

When I read God's holy book, which says

That I shall live again.

Shall live again!—0, where—
Where shall that region be?
And shall the friends I loved on earth
Be living there with me?

What form shall spirit take?
And shall she labor still?
Will science to her power unfold,
Obedient to her will?

What telescopic power
May to the eye be given?
Swift as the thought what strength to move
Through vast expansive heaven?

And heaven is every-where, Where holy spirits dwell; But to debased, corrupted minds All space is only hell!

BISHOP ROBERTS.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

THE late Bishop Roberts was a man whose memory deserves to be perpetuated: "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." That he bore the infirmities of fallen human nature is admitted; and with all our confessed partiality for his character, it is not pretended that he had no faults; but we are safe in saying, they were as few and harmless as those of any other minister of Christ with whose acquaintance we have ever been favored. For more than fifty years he was a consistent professor of religion, during which time he exerted an extensive and salutary influence, by precept and example, in favor of experimental and practical godliness. His name is still precious in the memory of many who knew his various personal excellences and the value of his protracted public service as a minister of the Gospel; so that he being dead yet speaketh.

In contemplating the history of his life, one is forcibly reminded of the wisdom and goodness of God in the selection and training of human instruments to execute the benevolent purposes of his providence and grace. Considering the age and country in which he lived, and the peculiar work in which he was called to act so distinguished a part, there was not a man in a million that could have filled his place as he filled it. The enterprise in which he was unceasingly engaged for more than forty years was, "to spread Scripture holiness over these lands." The means employed to accomplish that object were various, such as circulating Bibles and religious works; but the most prominent of means in that labor of love was the Christian ministry of itinerants, interchanging pastors, acting on aggressive missionary principles, who, instead of waiting to be called by the people, went out into the highways of sin, and called the people to repentance, faith, and Gospel obedience, with a confidence and force of authority that almost compelled them to come to the Gospel supper. This work of course subjected Methodist ministers in early times to much toil and peril, much privation and hardship, not only in following the emigrant to his retreat in the western wilderness, without the advantage of roads or bridges, or any suitable accommodation, but also in carrying the Gospel to neglected districts in older sections of the country, and the suburbs of cities, to seek the lost, and bring them to the saving knowledge of the truth. For such a work Bishop Roberts and his early coadjutors received a training which was of more importance to them than that which could have been acquired in the shade of a college. They had the advantage of being hardy pioneers, plain, matterof-fact, common-sense men, not easily discouraged. because they knew their cause was good, and especially because they had confidence in Him who had sent them into all the world to preach the Gospel

to every creature, with the promise that he would be with them and bless his own truth.

As to himself, Bishop Roberts was the son of a plain farmer in very limited circumstances, who taught him from childhood the wholesome lessons of industry and economy. His father's family observed the simple modes of life common to people in new countries the latter part of the last century. They resided in Ligonier Valley, Penn., to which place they removed from Frederick county, Md., when the subject of this notice was yet a child. He had no early literary advantages beyond those of common school education; but his pious mother not only taught him religious duty, but excited in him ardent desires for useful knowledge; and being naturally possessed of a vigorous mind, and apt to learn, he obtained a respectable knowledge of books, as well as of men and things in practical life generally. His habits, formed in clearing up forests and cultivating the soil, first in Ligonier and subsequently in Chenango, a still newer part of the country, where he acquired the elements of a pioneer and hunter, were of great use to him in after life. They secured to him a firm constitution, which evinced much power of endurance and such principles of economy and independence, that the real wants of life with him were few and simple, while its luxuries were lost sight of, or dispensed with altogether without serious inconvenience.

He appeared to be piously disposed from his childhood, but became decidedly religious in his fourteenth year, being then Scripturally converted. About the same time he was appointed by the minister whose circuit included his father's residence, to catechise the children of the neighborhood. Such was the confidence which his pastor had in his sincerity and discretion. From that time forward young Roberts was justly regarded as an example for the youth of the country where he was known. In early life he was strongly impressed that a dispensation of the Gospel would be committed to him; but his uncommon diffidence and fearful sense of responsibility were ample security against any danger of entering the ministry prematurely. The time which intervened between his first conviction of duty to preach and his actively engaging in the ministry was not lost, as he applied himself to the study of theology and other necessary means of preparation, so that when he began, his pulpit performances were from the first both popular and useful. He possessed by nature the elements of an orator, an imposing person, a clear, methodical mind, a ready utterance, a full-toned, melodious voice; and when to all these were added an ardent love of souls and an unction from heaven. he, of course, became a powerful preacher. He did not aim, however, at display, but at usefulness; and, therefore, commanded the more respect and confidence as an able minister of the New Testament.

The first years of his ministry were spent on circuits in the west; but his worth became known to the Church, and he was removed to the eastern

cities, where he soon acquired a reputation which rendered his name familiar to thousands who had never seen him. After filling his regular terms of service in Baltimore and Philadelphia, he was appointed presiding elder on Schuylkill district, embracing the latter city, which brought him into constant intercourse with numerous ministers and their congregations on popular occasions, thus affording him a broad surface over which to exert his salutary influence. At the next session of the Philadelphia conference, there being no bishop present, the rule required the conference to elect by ballot a President pro tempore from among the presiding elders; and though the youngest of the board, he was chosen. While performing the duties of President, delegates from the northern conferences, on their way to General conference in Baltimore, called in; and, after witnessing the dignity, discretion, and promptness with which he presided, they concurred with the delegates of his own conference, that he was one of the men they needed in the episcopal office; and he was accordingly elected and set apart for that responsible work in May, 1816. Thus, in about sixteen years, he rose from the obscurity of a western circuit preacher on trial to the highest office in the gift of the General conference, and became one of the joint General Superintendents of the whole connection throughout the United States and territories. In this office of high trust and hard labor he continued twenty-seven yearsthen ceased at once to work and live.

During his superintendency, he peregrinated the entire country from Michigan to Florida, and from Maine to Louisiana, and even the Indian countries west of Missouri and Arkansas; and though unwieldy in person, most of his journeying was performed on horseback, as very little of it could then be accomplished by any other mode of conveyance. The last twenty-four years of his life he hailed from South Indiana, a tolerably-central position to the whole field. From that point he diverged in all directions, "every-where preaching the word," and superintending the general work. In the performance of his official duties he seemed to take no account of toil or fatigue, poverty or hunger, suffering or peril; always patient and pleasant, he moved as a burning and shining light amid thousands of ministers and hundreds of thousands of Church members in the spirit of a true evangelist, regarded by all as an affectionate father in Christ, and a wise ruler in the churches. Among his official duties were, presiding in the conferences, ordaining deacons and elders, arranging districts and circuits, and, last, though not least, stationing the effective traveling ministers, than which nothing requires more care, more discretion, or more independence; and yet it is believed that no one ever performed those various and responsible duties with more judgment or less censure than did

In person he was not above ordinary hight, but broad set, and of corpulent habit; so that in the

full vigor of life his weight was probably not far from two hundred and fifty pounds. The features of his face were large and manly rather than elegant, and its general expression was frank and agreeable. That his commanding person and forcible utterance were of service to him as a presiding officer must be admitted; yet he possessed other qualifications still more essential: his well-developed faculty of common sense, tempered by mildness of disposition, and uniformly regulated in its exercise by Christian courtesy, gave him uncommon influence over deliberative bodies. He was not careful about technical niceties; his usual manner in the chair, as well as out of it, indicated more of the patriarch than the prelate, more of the fraternal friend than of the officer. Still he never failed to magnify his office when it became necessary to maintain order. In several instances, when the members of conference were strongly excited, and the floods of passion began to lift up themselves, he has been known to assume as much authority as would suffice to command a British warship engaged in battle, till order was restored, and then to ease the conference off from its agitation by a few gentle remarks, illustrated by reciting an amusing incident, so as to turn all into pleasantry in a few moments.

His manners were unexceptionable, combining the ease and gracefulness of a finished gentleman with the simplicity of a plain Christian farmer. He was apparently as much at ease while dining with the Governor, as when surrounding the simple board of his pious friends in a log-cabin. The Christian simplicity which pervaded his early home was never corrupted by ecclesiastical honors. In 1837 your correspondent, then the junior colleague of Bishop Roberts, had the pleasure of so. journing a few days at his unpretending residence in Indiana, where, free from all needless ceremonies, we enjoyed the substantials of life, served up by the hands of his consort, and mingled with much social pleasure. Indeed, the intellectual repast furnished by his godly conversation, spiced with numerous incidents connected with the introduction and progress of Methodism in this country, and especially in the west, would scarcely allow one to bestow a thought on his apartments or table. As a religious friend and social companion, no one excelled him. One thing observed with approval was, whoever else was present to enjoy his society, his wife always shared in his attentions, never failing to address parts of his conversation to her. He called her Betsy, and she called him Robert; and thus, by the plainness of their habitation and conversation, their guest was frequently reminded of the history of Abraham and Sarah dwelling in tents with the heirs of promise. Now, certainly, he who could feel alike at home in the pulpit of an eastern city, and in the open stand at a western camp meeting, in the chair of General conference, deciding questions of order, and in an Indian's camp, talking about Jesus and heaven, and who

could render himself both pleasant and useful to others in each of those positions, must have been a man combining in himself the most desirable elements of character. Such was the case of Bishop Roberts. When his earthly pilgrimage terminated, what King David said of Abner might have been truly applied to him, though in a higher and better sense: "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" 2 Sam. iii, 38.

The most prominently-developed trait in his character, however, was meekness. Nothing is risked in saying he was the most unpretending man we ever knew of his importance in society. No official authority, no personal popularity, ever induced him for a moment to think more highly of himself than he should have done. On the contrary, all his movements indicated, without any voluntary humility, that he undervalued his real worth. Every one by him was preferred to himself. He ever looked to the accommodation of others, at the expense of his own. Nothing but grace imparting to him a lively sense of responsibility, in view of the claims of God and souls, it is believed, could ever have overcome his excessive modesty and diffidence in the performance of his various public duties. One-fourth of the well-authenticated incidents of his life bearing on this point of his history would abundantly establish its truth. Only one need be recited. In 1836, when he had been bishop twenty years, and was the senior in that office, he deliberately and in good faith tendered his resignation to the General conference. simply because, in his own estimate of himself, his qualifications for the office, small at best, would soon be so diminished by the infirmities of age, that he could not be safely intrusted with it. No member of that vast body, however, entertained the same opinion of him that he did of himself; and, to his great mortification and disappointment, no one moved to accept his resignation, and he bore his official honors as a cross to the end of life, which was calm and peaceful. His dust slumbers beneath a plain monument near the Indiana Asbury University at Greencastle, where the surviving, but now infirm partner of his earthly joys and sorrows still lingers on the shores of time.

THE TALE-BEARER.

Who is the tale-bearer in community—the well educated and the well informed? It is scarcely necessary to answer this question. Every one can tell. The individual who has been careful in the culture of his mind, or who is still desirous of self-improvement, either by good books or good society, will have very little time to circulate tales of gossip or of slander. The tale-bearer is the person with a mind scantily furnished, a heart not correctly balanced, and a temper not properly controlled. No one who knows how to value books or society will ever run mad because he has not the opportunity of scandalizing his neighbor.

SCRAPS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY HELEW R. COTLER.

COMMON FOIBLES.

How often I have heard ladies-making pretensions to high-mindedness, intelligence, and refinement-preface some remark unfavorable to another, or something it would not be well to repeat, with, "Now don't mention it, will you?" My feelings on such occasions are akin to those I should experience should they say to me, while partaking of the hospitalities of their board, "Please not to pocket any of my silver spoons, will you?" or if, on leaving the room, they should remove a watch or other valuable article, lest I might appropriate it. And were it not that, in the first instance of caution, such is its prevalence, the offense is looked on as less heinous, I should feel equally insulted. Yet what appropriation of the property of another is more base? What is greater treachery than to seize on a sentiment, uttered in an unguarded moment, or an opinion, given, perhaps, in confidence, and repeat it where another would not desire it should be repeated? Is not he who would practice this petty pilfering, so destructive to social order and harmony, guilty of a wrong as great as he who takes gold, which is valueless in comparison with the confidence and security which this destroys? No one who has not made it a subject of observation, and reflected on its evil workings, can be sensible of the extent of this evil, petty though it may be deemed. The very caution of which I spoke betrays this; and how venial is considered an offense of this kind against social harmony!

PERSONAL SORROWS.

How easy it is to bear the griefs of other people with philosophy and firmness! A lady who possessed an affectionate husband, dutiful children, and wealth for the supply of every want, said of another, who was sinking under a weight of afflictions, of which being reduced from affluence to poverty was not the greatest, "She ought to try to bear up under it." This was easily said; it would be easy, too, to say to one famishing, "You must try to bear up under it;" but all his efforts to do so would not prevent hunger from preying on his vitals. So there are moral privations hardly less difficult to bear up against. When the hope on which we had rested is suddenly wrenched from us, who has sufficient strength to be at once firm and erect? When the object about which our fondest affections entwined is torn away, can all our resolution prevent their wounded tendrils from bleeding?

THE TRUE HOME.

How blest a place is home—a true home—where we can repose in security from the storms and frowns of the world—where we are cheered by words and acts of kindness and looks of love! What a sunshine they spread through the soul! How they harmonize the faculties, "soothing the jarring passions into peace!" How like a paradise below is such a home! But into the bosom of how many families does the demon of discord creep, blasting with poisonous breath its love, and peace, and harmony, and leaving the serpent's trail—jealousy, and envy, and distrust!

JUVENILE HYPOCRISY.

Nothing pains me more than to see dissimulation in children. Sincerity and artlessness should belong to them as fragrance to the rose. A little girl of eight came, as she thought unobserved by me, to the door of the room where I was sitting. Peeping in, and observing me, she ran back, and I heard her whispering to her playmates in the hall, "Miss is in there." "Is she?" I heard them say: and then another whispering. In a moment the door opened again, and the little face peeped in; then, with an affected start of surprise as I looked around, she exclaimed, "O, Miss ---, I did not know you were in here; I thought you had gone out!" Here was falsehood, dissimulation, and acting, and she was a most lovely, interesting child. As I looked on her beaming countenance, radiant with love and happiness, "alas!" I said, "must so fair a bud be so early marred by deceit? Is not this the germ of that which, if it do not receive a timely check, may one day overshadow her whole character?"

NEVER GIVE UP.

BT RLIZABETH J. HANCOCK

Among the many virtues and noble principles that adorn the human character, none shine with a greater luster than that persevering spirit that yields to no impediment when in pursuit of a noble object. Destitute of this essential quality, the time and energies of the most talented are spent for naught; but possessing this, the feeblest laborer in the vineyard of the Lord may accomplish a noble work. To this, and not to the abundance of means employed—to this, and not the gigantic powers of body or mind-to this, and this alone, are we to look for success in any laudable enterprise; and to a want of this principle may we safely charge defeat. Many, by contemplating the work of the Church, and not the small part they are required to perform, are disheartened, and, instead of giving themselves wholly to the accomplishment of the work assigned them, despairingly exclaim, as they relinquish every effort, "Who is sufficient for these things?" and when urged to the performance of any known duty, immediately draw the contrast between the little they have the ability to perform and the much there is to be done. Thus many, who would fain be useful in the world, and who desire, more than any thing else the welfare of their fellow-beings, excuse themselves from any personal effort, and spend their time foolishly, regretting that they are not able to meet the heart-breaking wants of a fallen world.

Having once the misfortune to belong to this class, I turned aside from the busy world and shunned society as the only means of avoiding the sight of misery that I could not alleviate. But even then I was not alone; for, being 'Nature's own child, and delighting as I do, more than any thing else, in my dear mother's society, I often walked forth to converse with her; and though no human voice replied to mine, each faded flower and withered leaf, as well as the gentle breeze, responded to my sighs.

In one of my rambles I was suddenly startled by the sound of a faint voice, and on approaching found it proceeded from a small stone near by; and recollecting Christ's words, that if his disciples should hold their peace the stones would cry out, I concluded that they were now witnessing against me. But my fears were soon dismissed when the little speaker, seeing my alarm, assured me that I had nothing to fear, as it was only for my encouragement that it was permitted to speak. "Well," said I, stooping at the same time to catch every word, "what are you bidden to say?" The voice commenced again in a low tone, but gathered strength as it proceeded, and said, "I have often witnessed your downcast look as you have passed this way, and frequently have heard you sigh, and conclude that you are one on whom the sun of prosperity refuses to shine, and that you are thus prevented from rising as high in the scale of being as your ambitious spirit desires. My object, therefore, in speaking is to check this unreasonable grief, which, if longer indulged, may prove at least injurious. Why seek the applause of the creatures of a day? Why court any earthly good?" "My little friend," said I, "you wrong me by judging thus. I own that a cloud rests upon my mind at times, and casts its shadow upon my brow; but that it is the result of unholy pride and ambition I deny. But, since you feel so deep an interest in me, I will acquaint you with the cause of the melancholy which you have had the discernment to notice; and I will first remark that, as I am one of Heaven's highly-favored ones, it is the result of no adverse fortune; and it is only when I make the misfortunes and wants of others my own that my spirit is depressed. I consider every human being my relative; and when I look at the condition of some of these my brethren, I can almost, with one of old, wish myself accursed for their sake. The philanthropist may view, with a tearless eye, the woes of his fellow-beings, while dealing out large supplies to their wants; but let him be compelled to stay his hand before their wants are supplied. and he then views their afflictions in another and more painful light. And in this way I look upon the sufferings of those about me. The cry of the downtrodden is wasted to me by every southern gale, but I have not power to undo the heavy burden and let the oppressed go free. The pestilence

and sword covenant together to destroy our numerous family, and, worse than all, hundreds are being hurried daily into the presence of a God of whom they have never heard. This is a faint sketch of the condition of one family; and what may a creature of a day, who has, comparatively speaking, but a moment allotted to secure its own salvation, hope to accomplish, when placed in such a field of labor?"

"Well," said the little stone, interrupting me here, "hoping that you will pardon me for the reproof which I now see was uncalled for, I will, if you wish, give you a sketch of my life, and speak of my exploits for your encouragement."

"Of your exploits!" exclaimed I with surprise, "and pray what have you ever been able to accom-

plish ?"

To this my little instructor meekly replied, "I have of myself never been able to accomplish any thing; but that almighty Being, by whose power I was created, can, as you shall presently see, employ the most humble agents in his service, and make even me an instrument for the accomplishment of his great designs. And if he can thus employ a little stone, how may he at length employ you? so, cheer up, my friend, and listen to my tale.

"When I first became conscious of existence, I found myself lying on the bank of a little stream, which ran along laughing by me, as if to deride me for my sloth. The birds fluttered about me day after day as they warbled out their sweetest songs, and the wild rose-buds, impatient to enjoy the smiles of the sun, and the admiration of the lovers of beauty, were constantly unfolding their petals. Every thing about me seemed instinct with life, while I was destined to remain inactive. Detestable word! Inactive! who would not rather be a slave? Years passed in this way, and, instead of becoming reconciled to my fate, I was daily becoming more unreconciled, when a little shepherd boy one day, running down to the place where I lay, placed me, with four of my companions, in his shepherd's bag, and bore us away from the place where we had remained, for aught I know, ever since the time when the morning stars first sang together.

"Pleased as I was with the idea of being noticed, I could not help wondering what right he could possibly have to tear me from my native place so unceremoniously. The world had ever before treated me with neglect, and I complained; it now began to treat me with rudeness, and I was equally indignant. However, I soon became not only reconciled, but happy to find that it was the Most High that had summoned me to deliver his chosen ones from the hands of their enemy. O, how was I filled with adoring gratitude when I contemplated the grandeur of the work in which I was about to engage! Two armies were drawn up in battle array, and Goliath, the enemy's champion, stood in their front, defying the army of the living God. But there was one whose courage did not desert

him. The little shepherd boy, of whom I have spoken, had the wisest of the wise for his counselor, and knew that he might safely undertake with this heaven-daring champion; and armed simply with confidence in his Master and five small stones, he rushed forward to meet the enemy. Never shall I forget the fiendish smile and the indignation depicted on the giant's countenance, as he advanced toward us; and I must acknowledge that all hope of prevailing over this formidable foe had well-nigh deserted me, when a friendly angel came up, and proffering me her hand, volunteered to be my guide and insure my success. I was directed by this friendly angel with unerring precision against the forehead of the giant. I sped, through bones and muscles, deep into his heathen brain. He sunk on the ground and expired, while the report of his crashing armor yet echoed among the wild cliffs and ravines. Thus I was made the cause of Goliath's death, and the Jews' salvation. The Philistines were discomfited. The brightest star of their firmament had set in darkest night, never to rise again. Their champion was dead, and the Israelites gained an easy victory. My work was then done. I had accomplished more than I could have once believed possible, by conquering a nation's foe, and thereby preventing their ruin. Many a crowned head has since that time been laid low, and their names gone into oblivion, while mine is registered in God's own book. Let me again remind you, that it is only for your encouragement and not to boast that I have related my history; therefore, go on, my friend, and hereafter, when the consciousness of your inability to accomplish any noble purpose would fain dishearten you, think of the little stone that saved a nation, and take courage."

AN IMPROMPTU.

BY MRS. E. C. GARDINAR.

I NEVER was a thoughtless child;
The brooks and lakes, the boundless sky,
The gentle flowers, the forest wild,
The ocean's wide immensity,
To me a thrilling language spoke,
And in my soul deep feeling woke.
When first my muse began to sing,
'Twas like a joyous summer bird;
Lelino'd the fledding's eager wing.

I clipp'd the fledgling's eager wing; I would not let its notes be heard; I trembled lest the world should see Its form, or hear its minstrelsy.

Fondly I oft recall the day
When first was heard its timid song;
My mother praised the simple lay;
That "wood-note wild" she cherished long;
Her gentle approbation thrill'd

My heart, and its wild fears were still'd.

HORÆ SYLVESTRÆ.

BY REV. A. STRVENS, A. M.

Scenery-Its moral effect-Sir Thomas Brown-His literary character-His Treatise on Urn Burial-His Thoughts on Death.

Heinrich. Salve, my good friend.

Arthur. Salve and a hearty welcome to you, Heinrich. Be seated here with me; the heat of the day is at its hight, and this is a cool and shady retreat.

Heinrich. It is a picturesque spot, and so sequestered that the old Greeks, had they found it among their mountains, would have deemed it sacred to the muse Thelxinoe—the mind-soother. Shall I tell you, also, Arthur, that I have a sort of fancy that there is a strange sympathy between this place and your happier moods? I never meet you here without finding your heart lighter than usual, and your thoughts occupied by some agreeable subject. Have you not singled out this locality as the place of your pleasantest meditations?

Arthur. I am not conscious of such an intention, but it may be an involuntary fact. Any one who is familiar with the spot would naturally betake himself to it, when threading this forest path in a more than usually-buoyant temper. Though solitary, it is not somber. This broad, highbacked, rustic beech, more a lounge than a seat, seems to welcome one to recline at length and repose himself in the refreshing shade; the shrubs and small wild flowers on the hillside above us here sweeten the air, as you perceive, with that delicious and yet temperate fragrance which is peculiar to mountain wild flowers, and the jet d'eau there to the right, with the stream that flows from it down the declivity, makes that peculiar music of water-the softest and sweetest in the worldwhich is so congenial with the tranquillity of the woods, or of the evening, and so suggestive of pure and quiet thought by day and soothing dreams by night. That music, Heinrich, may be the attraction which has led me unconsciously to prefer this resort in my happier hours. I confess there is an ineffable fascination to me in it. And then there is such a well-proportioned mixture of light and shade in the picture about us; the foliage is not too dense but the gleams of sunlight fall numerously and brilliantly through the branches of the trees and gladden the whole scenery. That steep yonder in shadow, and the ravine extending down and away in deepening shade, form a suitable background to the picture. Artists and men of taste attach importance to the minutest traits of the great paintings which hang in their cabinets or parlors: why should not we bring the same appreciative discrimination to these still choicer specimens in the great gallery of nature? This one, Heinrich, will certainly bear any scrutiny. Is it not thoroughly beautiful? Do you wonder that the classic nations peopled such localities with Oreades, Naiades, and Dryades, and the later na-

tions with their Oberons and Titanias? Such sunny scenes as these produce an indescribablypleasant effect on my sensitive frame-a sort of delicious spiritualite-a moral voluptuousness, if I may so call it, in which all painful memories and solicitudes seem to be drowned, and life and death appear alike endurable and even beautiful. As I recline here at noontide, listening to the liquid music of the fountain, inhaling the sweetness of the wild flowers, and gazing up into the bland skies. I feel how serene is nature in her mightiness, how trivial the pursuits and adversities of our ordinary life, how really independent of fortune is the true life and happiness of the soul, and I recall the advice of one of our old poets, Sir John Davies, who, two hundred and fifty years ago, sung of the

"Think of her worth, and think that God did mean This worthy mind should worthy things embrace; Blot not her beanties with thy thoughts unclean, Nor her dishonor with thy passion base.

And when thou think'st of her eternity,
Think not that death against her nature is;
Think it a birth; and when thou go'st to die,
Sing like a swan as if thou went'st to bliss."

Heinrich. It is certainly a pleasant place for pleasant thoughts, and you seem to have caught the spirit of it to-day! What has been the subject of your meditations?

Arthur. Don't be disappointed, Heinrich, for the theme is a fitting one. I have spent two hours in meditating, under these trees, on death, and in reading quaint Sir Thomas Brown on "Urn Burial."

Heinrich. On death! I like your author somewhat better than your subject.

Arthur. If any man could make the latter agreeable it is the former. Sir Thomas Brown's works are like one of those classic urns of which he writes, filled with gems and wrought gold, and the cinders of old human bones. His intellectual jewels sparkle in their purity, though their devices and settings are quaintly and often ludicrously odd. Take him along with old Thomas Fuller and Owen Feltham, and you have sense and human and devout counsel enough to have made Democritus not merely a laughing philosopher, but a laughing saint. Albeit, Sir Thomas is a formidable satirist.

Heinrich. I found him one of the easiest of your authors when I began the reading of English literature. My Latin enabled me to read him with immediate facility.

Arthur. There is one advantage, then, in his appalling derivatives, if they help foreigners to get at his infinite wealth of thought and humor. He needs all the credit he can get in this respect; for his style has not been without bad effect on our literature. Dr. Johnson shows, by his "Lives of the Poets," that he was capable of a pure and vigorous English style; but most of his noble productions are marred by the Latin pomposity which he copied from Brown. He published the good knight's Christian Morals, with a biography, and it can

hardly be doubted, that he owes the faults of his style more to Sir Thomas than to any natural predilection of his own genius. But the staple thought and wit of this old writer will forever redeem him. He was as fertile in original ideas as Burton was in borrowed ones. Coleridge, who relished him heartily, called him a hyper-satirist, but a sublime enthusiast, with a strong tinge of the fantast—the humorist mingling with and flashing across the philospher as the darting colors in that silk play upon the main dye. I owe to him many genial hours, and few have been more so to me than the two I have spent here to-day in hearing his quaint and pleasant talk about death.

Heinrich. A strange subject is that certainly for quaintness or entertainment.

Arthur. I do not mean to say, Heinrich, that Sir Thomas treats it with quaint humor, but with his usual quaint originality. He is a serious Christian, and appreciates the sober importance of his subject. On examining the various modes of death, he would confess, with his old namesake, Thomas Fuller, that he did not much like any of them; yet he speaks out as redoubtably at death himself as John Bunyan's Mr. Greatheart did at Giant Despair. Let me read a manful passage from him: "I thank God I have not those strait ligaments or narrow obligations to the world, as to dote on life, or be convulsed and tremble at the name of death. Not that I am insensible of the dread and horror thereof, or, by raking into the bowels of the deceased continual sight of anatomies, skeletons, or cadaverous relics, [he was a physician, remember,] like vespilloes, or grave-makers, I am become stupid or have forgot the apprehension of mortality, but that, marshaling all the horrors, and contemplating the extremities thereof, I find not any thing therein able to daunt the courage of a man, much less a well-resolved Christian."

Heinrich. That's bravely said. There is Saxon stamina in that.

Arthur. Nay, there is good old Christian stamina in it. He proceeds, "And, therefore, I am not angry at the error of our first parents, or unwilling to bear a part of this common fate, and, like the best of them, to die, that is, to cease to breathe, to take a farewell of the elements, to be a kind of nothing for a moment, to be within one instant of a spirit." That is all there was in death to this good old knight of Norwich. It was but the "instant" that precedes the emergence of man out of his present animal organization into purely-spiritual life.

Heinrich. Christianity so teaches us, and philosophic reason approves the teaching. I doubt, however, if reason's dim vision could penetrate so far the horrible darkness of the grave as to discern their even hypothetical consolations, were it not for that indirect influence of revelation which throws twilight at least over the speculations of skepticism. Cicero struggles hard to make himself and his readers consider death contemptible; but

how would the Tusculan Questions have gained by even that indirect light?

Arthur. Sir Thomas Brown contemned death, but only death per se. It was sublime to him in its issues. He would have contemned life without it. Hear him farther: "When I take a full view and circle of myself, without this reasonable moderator and equal piece of justice, death, I do conceive myself the miserablest person extant. Were there not another life that I hope for, all the vanities of this world should not entreat a moment's breath for me; could the devil work my belief to imagine I could never die, I would not outlive that very thought. I have so abject a conceit of this common way of existence, this retaining to the sun and elements, I can not think this is to be a man, or to live according to the dignity of humanity. In expectation of a better, I can, with patience, embrace this life, yet in my best meditations do often desire death."

Heinrich. Nobly written, Sir Thomas! Life would be abject did it not terminate in something higher, and death must become desirable to elevated minds whose faith in the destinies of the future is accompanied with genuine fortitude.

Arthur. Here is another passage somewhat bold, a little naive, and quite Christian withal: "I honor any man that contemns it, nor can I highly love any that is afraid of it. This makes me naturally love a soldier, and honor those tattered and contemptible regiments that will die at the command of a sergeant. For a Pagan there may be some motives to be in love with life; but for a Christian to be amazed at death, I see not how he can escape this dilemma, that he is too sensible of this life, or hopeless of the life to come."

Heinrich. That is sound theology, I think.

Arthur. Here are some more brave and sensible thoughts: "It is a brave act of valor to contemn death; but where life is more terrible than death. it is then the truest valor to dare to live; and herein religion hath taught us a noble example: for all the valiant acts of Curtius, Scaevola, and Codrus, do not parallel or match that one of Job; and sure there is no torture to the rack of a disease, nor any poniards in death itself, like those in the way or prologue to it. 'Emori nole, sed me esse mortuum nihil curso'- I would not die, but care not to be dead.] Were I of Cæsar's religion, I should be of his desires, and wish rather to go off at one blow, than to be sawed in pieces by the grating torture of a disease. Men that look no farther than their outsides, think health an appurtenance to life, and quarrel with their constitutions for being sick; but I that have examined the parts of man, and know upon what tender filaments that fabric hangs, do wonder that we are not always so, and, considering the thousand doors that lead to death, do thank my God that we can die but once. It is not only the mischief of diseases and villainy of poisons that make an end of us; we vainly accuse the fury of guns and the new inventions of death; it is

in the power of every hand to destroy us, and we are beholden to every one we meet he doth not kill us. There is, therefore, but one comfort left: that, though it be in the power of the weakest arm to take away life, it is not in the strongest to deprive us of death. God would not exempt himself from that, the misery of immortality in the flesh; he undertook not that was immortal."

Heinrich. That is sturdy philosophy.

Arthur. Here is another passage—a stout defiance of both death and the devil: "The devil hath, therefore, failed of his desires. We are happier with death than we should have been without it. There is no misery but in himself, where there is no end of misery; and so, indeed, in his own sense, the stoic is in the right. He forgets that he can die who complains of misery; we are in the power of no calamity while death is in our own."

Heiarich. Sir Thomas was a physician, you say; the doctors generally help their patients into the grave, but not so comfortably through it as this quaint Christian doctor of the old English times. He must have been a choice physician in mortal cases. I should like such a one's brave and whole-some words in my last hours infinitely better than palliative pills or powders. He was knight, doctor, author, and Christian, if I remember rightly—a

stanchly-combined character.

Arthur. Yes, and his religion was the top-stone, and basis, and cement of his entire character. His first publication was entitled Religio Medici—the

religion of a physician.

Heinrich. I have never, my dear friend, fully conquered my anxiety respecting death, and yet I believe that anxiety to be unnatural—not instinctive, for I believe death is a natural law; and we can hardly suppose a natural instinct in conflict with a natural law.

Arthur. Death a natural law!

Heinrich. Yes, and a very beneficent one, too, in some respects; for by its operation one generation, after its due course for improvement and enjoyment, is removed to make way for another; and thus, instead of a fixed population on our planet, too dense to admit of increase, death provides for a continual series of generations. If life itself is a blessing, assuredly death multiplies that blessing incalculably.

Arthur. The argument would be correct, Heinrich, if no other mode of transferrence from this world to the next were practicable; but can we not conceive of such a transposition without death? Have we not the record of translations without it? I will admit death to be a law in the sense that a uniform and inevitable process may be called a law; but it is an adventitious, not a natural law. And why should we hesitate to admit such a fact as superinduced upon our race, as revelation teaches us? That philosophical skepticism which would resolve every thing that is uniform and universal into a natural law, however obviously evil it may be, is at fault with the most palpable facts in the history of

man. What is more manifest to the eyes of heaven and earth than that a disastrous moral revolution has occurred in the condition of our planet? Can all the moral and social monstrosities of the worldwar, oppression, pauperism, famine-have been original elements of the scheme of the Creator-a scheme of the beneficence of which we have uniform and universal proofs predominating among all its incidental evils? Superstition has been universal. Did the good God deem it an essential condition of his economy that his creatures in their moral education on this planet, should forget himself and substitute idols and devils in his stead? Our philosophy and our common sense, as well as our religion, are confounded, unless we admit that a fearful rupture of the moral economy of the world has taken place; and why not, then, admit, that a physical change, as that of death, which revelation relates to this moral revolution, may be possible? A modified moral system, based upon revelation and its great doctrine of atonement, has been introduced. This system is restorative, and to it the adventitious evils referred too are graciously subordinated and rendered disciplinary. They are conditions, or, if you please, laws, in this sense, under the existing economy, but they are not the less clearly adventitious. The Christian philosophy is thus the only rational solution of man's moral history, and of his natural history, too, so far as physical suffering and death are concerned.

THE CHRISTIAN'S LIGHT.

BY HARVEY WOOD,

THE night was wearing slow away As twilight rays were beaming; And mildly from the morning star A silver light was streaming. Brighter and clearer gleamed the light As glowed the morning vision. Till, speeding from its wandering flight, The sun performed its mission. And then it rose above yon trees, In radiant morning glory, And glittered bright its streaming ray From vale and mountain hoary. And then, in clear and placid light, The perfect day was shining, While all the world in joy awoke From slumber where reclining. And so methought the Christian's soul, The light of life adorning, Gives first a feeble ray, but shines Calm, placid, as the morning. And, like the morning, clad in light, Its brightness e'er increaseth,

Until the pure and perfect day

Where gladness never ceaseth.

TO LITTLE ROSA.

BY PLOBIAM.

Do you remember, little Rosa, the evening when first we met-the pleasant summer evening, when at twilight you stood with your youthful, widowed mother before our cottage door, having come a long journey of a thousand miles? Do you remember, Rosa, the garden, the orchard, the grove, the brook, and the bower, and how you rambled with me, your little hand clasped in mine, along the flowery walks of our western home? Do you remember how, after you had returned to your Atlantic home, I went to visit you with cousin Ellen, and you, meeting me at the gate, threw your arms around my neck, and in the ecstasy of joy could only exclaim, in infant accents, "My father!" Alas, poor child! he whom God had given you for a father by nature had been, from your earliest infancy, sleeping in the churchvard, and you seemed to feel an instinctive desire for one on whom your young heart could rely.

Do you remember the pleasant day we spent on the Atlantic beach, looking at the ships, picking shells, and running before the surf? Do you remember the hour of parting, when pressing you long to my heart, with tearful eye I looked what I could not speak, farewell, and turned away toward

my distant home?

Little Rosa, shall I ever see thee again? I can not cease to grieve for thy absence. Slowly and sadly passed the autumn by. Winter came and again passed away. Spring, with its budding beauty, its fair flowers, and its music of birds, came, and went again. Summer came, and is gone. Autumn came again, and strewed the walks of Rosabower with fallen leaves. And now it is winter yet again. Yet thou, Rosa, returnest not to me. Wilt thou come again, sweet child, to my homecome to my heart? Come, and in spring we will roam together the woods, and pick the anemone as it peeps out from under the fallen leaf. We will recline upon the lawn, beneath the pine which we planted, and gather the early violets. We will follow the little brook along the valley; and listen to the birds singing on the willow-trees. In summer we will sit beneath the shade of the old beech at the bower, enjoying the fragrance of the rose and the lily, and breathing the bland zephyr. In autumn we will gather the fruits of the orchard, luxuriating amidst pears and peaches, and apples and grapes. When winter comes with his frosts and his snows, we will heap on the wood in the old fireplace, and before the blazing fire pass the long, cold evening, defying the peltings of the storm.

Come, Rosa, and we will welcome you to our home in the west—to our clear skies and bland atmosphere. Come and live among our grand old forests, and look on our illimitable prairies, and drink of our pure and cool streams. Come, and go with us on the quiet Sabbath to our beautiful village church, whose sweet-toned bell calls us at the hour of worship to our devotions. Come, and with your little cousins pursue the path of knowledge, gathering along the way flowers fairer than the spring violets or summer roses. Come, and be my child, since she, whose name you bear, can return to me no more.

Alas, Rosa! hard seems the lot that separates us. I greatly fear thou art to me lost forever. With passing years thy beauteous features are changing; and should I, after a long time, again see thee, I might not, in thy mature countenance, recognize the lovely image of childhood, daguerreotyped on my heart. Thy heart, too, Rosa, may be changed. The outgushing fountain of childlike love may become the deep and stately current of mature affection, directed in a channel far away from my secluded heart. Thy pure love may then be to me among the things that were, but never can be again. Long is the distance that now separates us. Between us mighty rivers flow, and lofty mountains rise, and great lakes extend their watery domain. And I may never see thee more. So, little Rosa, with deep regret must I give thee up. Farewell, my Rosa, beauteous child, lovely one, farewell!

AN APOSTROPHE.

BY MARY C. E. BOWMAN.

I LOVE thee, well I love thee,
Fair daughter of the west;
I love that brilliant wreath that thou
Entwinest o'er thy lovely brow
With gems so richly dress'd.

To me thou comest smiling,
Thy mantle filled with flowers;
Here are some cull'd by a friend;
Here modest truth and beauty blend;
Here are some from foreign bowers.

Here purest thoughts are glowing On every sparkling gem, Like dew-drops shining from afar, Reflecting back a twinkling star, Brighter than royal diadem.

These precious gems and flowers
Thou bringest all to me,
To cast a gleam o'er life's dark day,
To cheer me on my pilgrim way,
Scattering seeds of piety.

Go on in thy blessed mission
Of scattering far and wide
Those offerings that to thee are given,
Which talk of love, and truth, and heaven—
Of empty fiction void.

Yea, onward; for thou hast not gained The zenith of thy glory; For thousands yet in infancy, Shall richest garlands weave for thee, Our lov'd Reformer.

THE WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY REV. J. PLOY, D. D.

THE WOMEN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Elizabeth F. Ellet, author of the Characters of Schiller, Country Rambles, &c. Two Vols., 12mo. New York. 1849.

BUT WE MUST PASS, reluctantly, many noble-spirited women, of whom thrilling anecdotes are preserved in the volumes before us. There were the sisters, GRACE and ELIZABETH DARLING, who, disquised in their husbands' uniforms, sallied forth, surprised, and made prisoners two British officers; and the indefatigable DICEY LANGSTON, who, a girl of sixteen, rendered her countrymen priceless service by making known the designs of the enemy, frequently, at the risk of her life. An affecting picture of her filial affection and boldness is given by our author:

"The father of Miss Langston incurred the displeasure of the loyalists, in consequence of the active service of his sons in their country's cause. They were known to have imbibed their principles from him; and he was marked out as an object of summary vengeance. A party came to his house with the desperate design of putting to death all the men of the family. The sons were absent; but the feeble old man, selected, by their relentless hate, as a victim, was in their power. He could not escape or resist; and he seemed to implore their mercy. One of the company drew a pistol, and deliberately leveled it at the breast of Langston. Suddenly a wild shriek was heard, and his young daughter sprang between her aged parent and the fatal weapon. The brutal soldier roughly ordered her to get out of the way, or the contents of the pistol would be instantly lodged in her own heart. She heeded not the threat, which was but too likely to be fulfilled the next moment. Clasping her arms tightly round the old man's neck, she declared that her own body should first receive the ball aimed at his heart! There are few human beings, even of the most depraved, entirely insensible to all noble and generous impulses. On this occasion, the conduct of the daughter, so fearless, so determined to shield her father's life by the sacrifice of her own, touched the heart even of a number of the 'Bloody Scout.' Langston was spared, and the party left the house filled with admiration at the filial affection and devotion they had witnessed." But more terrible scenes are before us.

HANNAH CALDWELL was the daughter of John Ogden, of Newark. Her husband was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Elizabethtown, and acted as chaplain to those portions of the American army that successively occupied the state of New Jersey. He did much to animate the drooping spirits of the soldiers by his patriotic eloquence, and thus incurred the hatred of the tories, who set a price upon his head. The British troops, under the command of the Hessian General, Knyphausen,

were ravaging the state with fire and sword. Mr. Caldwell, with his elder children, made his escape, as a party were approaching his dwelling. He entreated his wife to go with them; but she declined, deeming her unprotected state would be a guarantee for her safety. She had with her two little boys. and an infant daughter about eight months old. Having concealed, as she best could, her most valuable articles, she dressed herself with care, that, in her own language, she might receive the approaching enemy as a lady. She calmly waited their arrival. With her infant in her arms, she sat at a window which commanded a view of the road. She had just suckled the child and handed him to the nurse, when "a soldier left the road, and, crossing a space of ground diagonally to reach the house, came to the window of the room, put his gun close to it, and fired. Two balls entered the breast of Mrs. Caldwell; she fell back on the bed, and in a moment expired."

An act of more savage atrocity certainly never occurred in the annals of civilized warfare; and it is not surprising that attempts were made to palliate its enormity.* The subsequent conduct of the soldiery, under the command of their chivalrous leader, refutes the excuses made for this barbarous proceeding, and leaves the act in all its naked horror. They entered the dwelling, rifled the pockets of the murdered woman, pillaged and destroyed whatever they could lay their hands on, and then set fire to the house, and burned it to ashes.

Mrs. Caldwell was sincerely pious, of an amiable and retiring disposition, and, as testified by one who knew her well, she had not an enemy in the world. Her only crime was, being the wife of a devoted minister of the Lord Jesus, who loved his country, and dared to pray publicly for her success in the great conflict. In the burial-ground at Elizabethtown may still be seen the grave of this martyr in the cause of freedom, over which is a modest monument, with a brief inscription, commemorating her virtues and her death.

But we must pass on. In the course of the Revolutionary struggle, there were several females who found their way to the battle-field, and fought for their country. Margaret Corbin was wounded at the attack on Fort Washington, where, says a resolution of Congress, "she heroically filled the post of her husband, who was killed by her side serving a piece of artillery." She received a pension from the government; and, by special vote, at the close of the war, "one suit of clothes, or the value thereof in money." The most remarkable case of this kind, however, is that of DEBORAH SAMSON. Her strange career will possibly furnish a subject for some future poet, or novelist, when sufficient time shall have elapsed to throw around it the romantic vail of antiquity. She was born of poor parents, in the

⁹ In the Royal Gazette, it was pretended that Mrs. Caldwell was killed by a chance shot. There is conclusive evidence to the contrary.

county of Plymouth, in the state of Massachusetts. At an early age she was indentured as a servant in the family of a respectable farmer. Here she led a life of toil, with little, if any, opportunity for mental improvement. In her eighteenth year, the term of her servitude having expired, she commenced attending a district school, working one half the time for her board and lodging. She made rapid improvement, and, indeed, was regarded by her teacher and schoolmates as a prodigy of industry and attainment. Being found qualified, she was, at length, appointed teacher of the school. She retained her charge during one summer term, and, at its close, found herself mistress of twelve dollars.

One day, to the surprise of the very few who felt any interest in her concerns, the school-madam disappeared. To no human being had she revealed her intentions; but, disguised in a suit of man's apparel of her own making, she presented herself under the name of Robert Shirtliffe, enlisted, not as did many of the sterner sex for a limited period, but "during the war," and was regularly enrolled in Captain Thayer's company of Medway Volunteers. Naturally of a strong constitution, and inured to toil, she endured the fatigues of the camp, and fulfilled the duties of a common soldier with cheerfulness and zeal. She acquired great expertness in the manual exercise; and the beardless Robert was regarded as a model for her associates. In an enterprise of great hazard, in which she volunteered, she was wounded by a sword cut on the left side of the head; and, soon after, she was completely disabled by a shot through the shoulder. In after life she was wont to speak of the agony she then endured; arising, not from the pain of her wounds, but from fear lest her sex should be discovered. She prayed rather for death. Her wounds, however, were healed, and her secret remained undiscovered, till, having served her country three years, she was seized with a brain fever, and her case pronounced hopeless. "One day the physician of the hospital, inquiring, 'How is Robert?' received from the nurse in attendance the answer, 'Poor Bob is gone. The Doctor went to the bed, and, taking the hand of the youth supposed dead, found that the pulse was still feebly beating. Attempting to place his hand on the heart, he perceived that a bandage was fastened tightly round the breast. This was removed, and, to his utter astonishment, he discovered a female patient where he had least expected

This physician was Dr. Binney, of Philadelphia. With generous delicacy he kept the secret to himself; not even revealing it to his own family, of which, as soon as able to be removed, the sick soldier became an inmate, where she was taken care of and nursed with kindness and assiduity. "Here occurred," says our author—and we must let her tell the story in her own language—"another of those romances in real life which, in strangeness, surpass fiction. The Doctor had a young and lovely niece, an heiress to considerable property, whose

compassionate feelings led her to join her uncle in bestowing kindness on the friendless youth. The niece was allowed to be as much with the invalid as suited her pleasure. Her gentle heart was touched by the misfortunes she had contributed to alleviate. The pale and melancholy soldier, for whose fate no one seemed to care, who had no possession in the world save his sword, who had suffered so much in the cause of liberty, became dear to her. In the confiding abandonment of woman's love, the fair girl made known her attachment, and offered to provide for the education of its object before marriage. Deborah often declared that the moment in which she learned that she had unwittingly gained the love of a being so guileless was fraught with the keenest anguish she ever experienced. In return for the hospitality and tender care that had been lavished upon her, she had inflicted pain upon one she would have died to shield. No way of amends seemed open except confession of her real character; and to that, though impelled by remorse and self-reproach, she could not bring herself. She merely said to the generous girl, that they would meet again, and, though ardently desiring the possession of an education, that she could not avail herself of the noble offer."

Soon afterward, her health being perfectly restored, she received, from the hand of Washington, to whom the facts had been made known, an honorable discharge. At the close of the war she was married to Benjamin Gannett, of Sharon. Congress voted her a grant of land, in addition to her pension; and, fulfilling the duties of a wife and a mother with exemplary propriety, she lived respected by her neighbors, and died, but a few years since, at the advanced age of fourscore.

Immediately succeeding this romantic narrative, which we have no reason to believe has received any fictitious coloring, our author gives us a brief sketch of that most devoted wife and mother, MAR-GARLY GASTON. She was born in England, but, in early life, emigrated to this country, and was married in her twentieth year. Her husband was one of the most ardent and zealous patriots in the state of North Carolina. They had been married but about four years, when Mr. Gaston was shot dead before her eyes, while attempting to escape from the fury of the tories. "The musket which found his heart was leveled over her shoulder." Thus was she left a widow with two helpless children, the one a son three years of age, the other an infant daughter. Sustained in her overwhelming affliction by an ardent faith, she devoted herself thenceforth to the education of her little ones, and to acts of piety and benevolence. During a long life she never laid aside her habiliments of mourning, and kept the anniversary of her husband's murder as a day of fasting and prayer. For thirty-one years she made no visits, save only to the houses of the afflicted and the poor. Her attendance on the sick and wounded was unwearied; and every-where, among the wretched, was she regarded as an angel

of mercy, ministering to their temporal wants, and alluring, by precept and example, to a better inheritance.

"Her footsteps seemed to touch the earth,
Oaly to mark the track that leads to heaven."

Of course, the son of such a mother might be expected to reach an eminent position among his fellow-men. And it was even so. The child who, at three years of age, beheld his father butchered in cold blood, was early instructed in the love and fear of God-was trained for usefulness; and his native state has no greater name upon her annals than that of William Gaston. A pleasing anecdote is related of his boyish days. When about eight years old he was asked by a schoolmate, "William, what is the reason you are always head of the class and I am foot?" "There is a reason," replied the boy; "but you must keep it secret, and do as I do. Whenever I take my book to study, I first say a little prayer my mother taught me, that I may be able to learn my lessons." He then endeavored to teach his young companion the form of prayer to which he attributed his success. Afterward, at Princeton College, the young Gaston maintained his position as head of his class, and graduated with the highest honors, rejoicing the heart of his widowed mother that, during the years of his absence from her, and, in the midst of many temptations, he had preserved, unsullied, his youthful piety. "In the latter years of her life," says our author, "she was to be found, at all hours, with her Bible, or some other book of devotion, in her hands; her thoughts were ever fixed on things above; while the fidelity with which her high mission had been fulfilled was rewarded even in this world; the gratitude, love, and usefulness of her children forming the crowning joy and honor of a life devoted to good. Her character is well appreciated throughout North Carolina, and the memory of her excellence is not likely soon to pass away."

A short chapter in Mrs. Ellet's volumes is devoted to the Women of Wyoming. The historian, the orator, the painter, and the poet, have, in turn, described the scene, and painted the honors of the bloody days of July, 1778. Our author deals only in facts; but they are facts exceeding the wildest creations of fiction. She has gleaned, and preserved, in her pages, many thrilling anecdotes of those eventful days; but we turn, for a moment, to a scene second only in atrocity to that of Wyoming, and less known to general readers. It is the destruction of the settlement of Cherry Valley, in the state of New York. It took place about three months later, and the agents in the dreadful massacre were, many of them, the same who had tasted blood in the world-renowned valley of Pennsylvania. Pre-eminent among the sufferers, for fortitude and the bitterness of her cup, was JANE CAMP-BELL, the wife of a colonel in the continental army. Her husband was absent at the time of the attack. Amidst the shrieks of wounded and dying victims, and the triumphant yells of their merciless enemies, the house, the only inmates of which were women and children, and Mrs. Campbell's aged father, was set on fire. The old man offered a feeble resistance, but was wounded and overpowered. Mrs. Campbell and her mother and children were taken prisoners, and fell to the lot of a band of Indians of the Seneca tribe. It was a dreary day in November when, thinly clad, and horrified with the dreadful scenes they had witnessed, they set out, with their captors, on a long journey, on foot, through the trackless wilderness. The agony of the past was hightened by their dread of the future. On the second day of the journey, the mother of Mrs. Campbell, who, from the infirmity of age, was unable to keep pace with the party, was barbarously put to death.

"Not a moment was Mrs. Campbell suffered to linger, to close the dying eyes, or receive the last sigh of her murdered parent. The same Indian drove her on with his uplifted and bloody weapon, threatening her with a similar fate should her speed slacken. She carried in her arms an infant eighteen months old; and, for the sake of her helpless little ones, dragged on her weary steps, in spite of failing strength, at the bidding of her inhuman tormentors."

In the course of the journey, her children, one by one, were taken from her and given to different tribes of Indians, through whose territories they passed. On arriving at the settlement of the Senecas, near the site of what is now the village of Geneva, her infant, the last remaining link which bound her to home and civilization, was rudely dragged from her arms. "The helpless babe clung to her, when torn away by savage hands, and she could hear its piercing cries till they were lost in the distance." Dreary, indeed, was the lot of this bereaved mother; but she found, in all her trials, the precious promise verified: " As thy day so shall thy strength be." By her amenity and industry, she gained the good-will of the savages with whom she dwelt; and her daily walk evinced the reality, and the power, and the loveliness of the religion of Christ. Of course, vigorous efforts were made, by her husband and his friends, for her release from captivity. They at length succeeded, by giving up, in exchange, prisoners taken by the Americans. Her children, too, were all restored; and "the trials of a two years' captivity were almost forgotten in the joy of restoration!" Years of tranquillity were in reserve for her who had borne adversity so patiently. In the enjoyment of almost uninterrupted health, she lived to see her ninety-third birthday, and died in 1836. In closing a beautiful tribute to her memory, our author says:

"The feminine and domestic virtues that adorned her character, rendering her beloved in every relation, were brightened by unaffected piety. It was the power of Christian principle that sustained her through all her wanderings and trials, and in her lonely captivity among a barbarous people. It was this which cheered the closing days of her existence, and supported her when, almost on the verge of a century, toying survived the companions who had commenced life with her, surrounded by her children and her descendants to the fourth generation,

she passed calmly to rest."

One of the most gracefully-written chapters in our author's second volume is devoted to the exemplary and lady-like Cornella Berkman, the daughter of the arch rebel, as he was called, Pierre Van Cortandt, one of the illustrious names of the old Knickerbocker families of the Empire state; but we must pass it by, as also the brief sketch of Frances Allen, the wife of the bold but eccentric Vermonter, who, at Ticonderoga, summoned the English to surrender "in the name of God and the continental Congress."

In her brief sketch of MARGARET ARNOLD, the wife of the traitor, our author successfully wipes away the reproach that has gathered around her name from the generally-received impression that she was privy to his treasonous designs. She was beautiful, frivolous, and vain; but there is no evidence that she ever shared her husband's dreadful secret. In her conduct, on the day succeeding the discovery of the plot-it is the testimony of Hamilton-all the sweetness of beauty, all the loveliness of innocence, all the tenderness of a wife and a mother, showed themselves in her appearance and conduct. She was, however, by an order of the Council, required to leave the state; and, on her journey to join her husbaad, so strong was the popular belief in her innocence, that, though exasperated to madness against the traitor, whose effigy they were every-where burning in bonfires, she was treated with uniform sympathy and respect. It is possible that, if her spirit and disposition had been different, her husband's name had not been a byword of infamy: She survived him three years, and died in London in 1804.

The romantic adventures and tragical fate of JANE M'CREA are well known to the generality of readers; but the name of NANCY HART, a heroine in low life, was new to us, till we found her brief memoir in this volume. It admirably relieves the dark pictures of captivity, and suffering, and disaster by which it is surrounded. She was a native of Georgia, and resided in the county of Wilks, which, from the patriotism of its inhabitants, was designated, by the tories, as the "Hornet's Nest." Nancy herself was a hornet. Without education, and ignorant of the conventional civilities of life, far from being attractive in her appearance, for she squinted dreadfully, ungainly in figure and awkward in manners, the one pervading sentiment of her soul was, zeal for the success of her countrymen in the great struggle. Many a time did "the liberty boys," as she called them, receive substantial assistance from her vigorous arm; and not less frequently did the tories suffer from her prowess.

A company of "King's men" were in hot pursuit of a noted "rebel," with the purpose of taking him, dead or alive. Nancy caught a glimpse of the poor fellow as he approached her cabin. In a moment

she comprehended that he was flying from the British, who, though but a little way behind, were not yet in sight. She pulled down the bars in front of her house, and, beckoning to the fugitive, caused him to ride through her only room to a swamp in the rear. Presently the tories rode up. Nancy was ready for them, and, in reply to their inquiry, whether she had seen the fugitive, sent them off, as she said, "well fooled," in the vain assurance that they should soon overtake him. Nancy's cabin was the scene of as daring an exploit as occurred during the war. A party of five soldiers, with their hands reeking with the blood of Colonel Dooley, whom they had savagely massacred in his bed, rode up, shot the lady's only turkey, and commanded her to cook it for their dinner. With much grumbling, and some swearing-for Nancy swore occasionallyshe proceeded to comply with their request. With the assistance of her daughter Sukey the repast was prepared. The soldiers were merry over their dinner. Their unwilling hostess watched their every movement, and, we quote from our author, "she managed, by slipping out one of the pieces of pine, which form a 'chinking' between the logs of a cabin, to open a space through which she was able to pass to the outside two of their five guns. She was detected in the act of putting out the third. The whole party sprang to their feet, when, quick as thought, Nancy brought the piece she held to her shoulder, declaring she would kill the first man who approached her. All were terror-struck; for Nancy's obliquity of sight caused each to imagine himself her destined victim. At length one of them made a movement to advance upon her; and, true to her threat, she fired, and shot him dead! Seizing another musket, she leveled it instantly, keeping the others at bay. By this time Sukey returned from the spring, and announced to her mother, 'Daddy and them will soon be here.' This information increased the alarm of the tories, who perceived the importance of recovering their arms immediately; but each one hesitated, in the confident belief that Mrs. Hart had one eye, at least, on him for a mark. They proposed a general rush. No time was to be lost by the bold woman. She fired again, and brought down another of the enemy. Sukey had another musket in readiness, which her mother took, and, posting herself in the doorway, called upon the party to surrender their 'd-d tory carcasses to a whig woman.' They agreed to surrender, and proposed to 'shake hands upon the strength of it.' But the victor, unwilling to trust their word, kept them in their places for a few minutes, till her husband and his neighbors came up to the door. They were about to shoot down the tories; but Mrs. Hart stopped them, saying they had surrendered to her; and, her spirit being up to boiling heat, she swore that 'shooting was too good for them.' This hint was enough; the dead man was dragged out of the house, and the wounded tory and the others were bound, taken out, and hung!" (Vol. ii, p. 232.)

A terrible retribution! but, as we have seen, the men were murderers; and in those days neither party seemed to know any thing of mercy or moderation in their border warfare.

But it is time to take our leave of these entertaining and instructive volumes. There are many bright names in Mrs. Ellet's galaxy upon which we may not dwell. Her portraiture of Rebecca Biddle, the Quakeress, who was "read out of meeting" for her patriotism, is slightly but well sketched. So is that of Ann Eliza Bleecker, the poetess, of New York, and that of Anna Balley, the heroine of Groton. A chapter full of interesting incidents is devoted to the Women of Kentucky, and Elizabeth Zane, who is said to be still living in the neighborhood of St. Clairsville, O., receives honorable mention.

We have given favorable specimens of Mrs. Ellet's style. As the reader will have seen by our extracts, she tells a story with vivacity, and makes no labored attempt at embellishment. Her volumes bear the stamp of truthfulness and industrious research. Her prevailing fault is diffusiveness, which frequently lessens the impression of her narrative; and she dwells with so much minuteness on small matters, that she fails, at times, to bring promiinently before the reader the strong points of her story. The portraits which accompany the volumes are not in the highest style of the art; and we add, for the special information of the publishers, that, although the letter-press is well done, the copy which fell to our lot was so fashionably and miserably bound, that it came to pieces on the first perusal.

TO A SCHOOLMATE.

BT MARGARET M. BURDETT.

FRIEND M., 'tis not for thee I ask
The wealth the earthly-minded crave;
For pearls and diamonds rich and rare
Thy precious soul can never save.

Nor would I ask that thou shouldst drink
Deep at the fount of worldly lore;
For earthly wisdom oft has proved
The source of sorrow deep and sore.

Nor would I ask that laurels bright Around thy temples should entwine; They soon will fade and pass away, It matters not how bright they shine.

But I would ask for thee, my friend, That much of Jesus' love be given, And treasures brighter far than gems Be safe laid up for thee in heaven.

And I would ask that knowledge, too,
Which maketh e'en the simple wise,
Be given thee to make thee blest
Through all thy journey to the skies.

And I would ask a crown of stars,
Brighter than those we love so well,
Be given thee when thou shalt gain
That place where saints forever dwell.

Yes, when in prayer I daily bow
To God in heaven the suppliant knee,
This is the treasure, this the lore,
And this the gift I ask for thee.

THE ITINERANT'S CHILDREN.

BY REV. L. B. GURLEY.

Where are they now? those little ones
The dying preacher bless'd—
Sweet flowers that bloomed like olive plants
By love's own hand caressed.

No wealth was his, though great and good, But moral worth sublime, Won homage from ten thousand hearts; But he fell in manhood's prime.

"Ah, who," thought he, "for these shall care,
When I must bid adieu?"
And o'er his calm and tranquil brow
A cloud its shadow threw.

The eye which saw that father kneel
In many a wild-wood bower,
Hath rested on each loved one still,
Through every changeful hour.

And fortune's star has strangely beamed
On that forsaken band,
Upon whose heads there rested once
A dying father's hand.

MY HOME BEYOND THE SKY.

BY H. J. SETERLE,

THERE is beyond the azure sky
A palmy vale of green,
A peaceful land, where neither sigh
Is heard nor tear is seen.

Ah, could I boast the eagle's wing,
And share the eagle's flight,
I'd mount the wind and upward swing,
Where all is calm and bright!

O, Time, haste on—speed, speed thy flight—Complete thy work on me;
O, Death! go through thy solemn rite,
And set my spirit free!

My soul shall high forever dwell
In pure and holy bliss,
And every breath I draw shall swell
With songs of happiness.

EARLY TIMES.

BY REV. A. RENT.

On the afternoon of Saturday, February 20, 1802, a young itinerant was wending his way through the dense forest from Lancaster to Jefferson, New Hampshire, where he was expected to preach the next day. The health of the Rev. Elijah R. Salim had failed, and the Rev. J. Brodhead, P. E .- men of precious memory-had directed the young man to leave Athens circuit, which he had but just formed, and go to Landaff circuit, which embraced the northern part of the state. He had expeditiously traveled some two hundred miles, facing the storm and drifting snow, or weather more favorable, which caused the snow to melt, and rendered traveling difficult during a great part of the way. He had taken cold, and now, with strong symptoms of fever, and a most excruciating headache, could not endure the trotting of his horse, and even in walking the jar of each step seemed too tedious to be borne. He was in a strait, and hoped a change might afford some relief. He alighted and, holding by the stirrup, walked in a poor snow-path till he was nearly exhausted. His heart sunk within him as he leaned against his beast, and gave full vent to the outgushings of accumulated bitterness. His mind hasted to the paternal hearth as he exclaimed, "O, could a mother's hand but bathe my burning temples, and that well-known voice speak but one word of comfort to her hapless boy! Happy for a sister that she knows not a brother's woe, since it is not within her power to grant her sympathy!" A wide field of gloomy aspect was spread before him when he awoke from his reverie, and found the sun declining, and miles of forest before him, without a human habitation, and he had no time to lose. He attempted to regain his seat, but being rather low in stature, and his horse above the ordinary hight, and his strength so nearly exhausted, it seemed impossible. He besought the Lord for succor, and appealed to the Most High as a witness of his sincerity in attempting to call sinners to repentance, and pleaded the promise, "Lo, I am with you always," etc., and was comforted. He arrived at brother Marden's at nightfall, and the good old lady-a mother in Israel-was just such a nurse as he needed.

On Sabbath a large company for such a place came together, who had been some time without much preaching. The young preacher began, and found there were ears to hear and hearts to feel. He preached again, and was surprised at the ease and enlargement with which he spoke. It was really the communion of saints. As soon as he closed, he was taken with a paroxysm of coughing, by which he became quite exhausted, and took his bed, where he might remain perfectly quiet; but he had a restless and almost sleepless night. Toward morning, he thought a stranger spoke to him in a most affectionate manner, while benevolent sympa-

thy beamed from every feature, "What is the cause of your disquietude?" He instantly felt it a rare privilege to pour his woes into a bosom which seemed open to receive them, and began, "O, the cause is abundant. I am nearly three hundred miles from home, and have a succession of appointments almost daily for some two hundred miles, and am in no way qualified to preach the Gospel of Christ; besides, I am sick, and have hardly tasted food for two days"-...... His visitor checked his gloomy tale with an expressive nod, adding, with a sweet expression, "Take your Bible and read Rev. vii, 14," and then disappeared. He started and raised his head to look after him; but all was darkness. He could hardly think it possible that he had been asleep. With strong emotions he wanted to know what that text was. He did not like to disturb the family for a light, nor dared to sleep lest he should forget. He mused, "What can this mean? Perhaps that was a guardian angel, for he seemed to be superhuman; if so, he must be well acquainted with the Bible, and it may be he has directed me to one of the most comforting passages in that blessed book. My eyes long to be blessed with seeing it." He slept no more, and at an early hour took his Bible, trembling with excitement, and read, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." It was enough; his heart leaped for joy and said "amen." He read on, while heavenly sweetness pervaded the whole; nor has it lost its sweetness to this day.

Monday was a rest day—a luxury not enjoyed for weeks, nor could another hardly be discerned in the distance. His adopted mother exerted herself to accomplish his cure during the day, as he must be off the next morning; for the people expected the preacher to be at the appointment without fail.

For two nights and one day she used every exertion to promote his recovery to good health, and slacked not her hand, as her time was limited. She narrated to him some very thrilling incidents of their early settlement; and a principal design in giving you this sketch, Mr. Editor, is to introduce this good woman to your numerous readers, as a prominent example of what a woman may do, though brought up in tenderness, when circumstances call forth her energy, and prompt to deeds of noble daring. No doubt you have thousands of readers who sit by their cheerful fires, protected from the blasts of winter, enjoy the well-spread table and social entertainments, who never think of the sufferings of the first settlers in a new country, unless some incident should call their attention to the subject, and then it is very easy to dispose of the whole matter at a stroke-"They might have stayed at home, and not run headlong into difficulty."

Allow me to request such to pause a moment, and reflect upon this remarkable trait of American character—"Ambitious of adventure!" This is the genius which has thus far settled our country, and multiplied the comforts and elegancies of our land.

The good woman said they lived down east, and as their family increased, Mr. Marden-now gone to his reward-had a strong mind for the country, and she finally consented, provided a neighbor, whom I shall call Mr. B., whose wife she tenderly loved, would go with them. All were agreed, and the men set off, and passed through that prodigy in nature, the notch of the mountains, bought land in Jefferson, made some preparation, and returned. These adventurers were not stoics; the full measure of tears at parting gave good evidence of feeling, but they sought a greater good. They were under necessity of going east for provisions the first winter, and set off the first sleighing, leaving, as they thought, a supply for their families till their return. They had dispatched their business, and were returning, when a great storm came on, with drifting winds, and completely blocked up their way. The notch was filled up, and if the road on each side was broken through by day, it would be filled again by night. Week after week passed in great anxiety. Storm succeeded storm, and snow was abundant this winter, and no one could tell when it was likely a road could be made. The afflicted women put themselves and children upon allowance, that their scanty means might hold out as long as possible, but were at length constrained to know that they must devise some means for a fresh supply of food. They had formed some acquaintance in Lancaster, on Connecticut river, about seven miles distant, and had taken some flax to spin for some ladies there. They concluded to carry home their work, obtain provision, and return. It was a dense forest nearly all the way, without a human habitation. As the story has had a living place in my memory, I would gladly give the narrative as it was related to me by Mrs. Marden; but that is impossible, yet I may attempt the substance in a feeble sketch:

"We got ready, and the first fair morning gave charge to the oldest children and set off. The snow-path was poor, and we were but ill prepared for such a journey, and our burdens aggravated our difficulty. Long before we reached Lancaster, the heavens were covered with blackness, and the snow began to fall, and we felt ourselves in jeopardy, but concluded to hasten forward; for we could not go back. We dared not stop to rest; for the snow continued to fall, and in preparing our load of provisions we thought of our hungry children, put on as much as we dared to, and set our faces toward home. The snow had already rendered our walking more difficult, and we had not penetrated the woods a great distance before Mrs. B. began to complain of weariness. I encouraged her to put on resolution, and that we ought to be as expeditious as possible, as the falling snow was increasing our embarrassment. We worried along slowly for some time, when Mrs. B. said, 'I think if we should sit down and rest a little, we could travel the better, and I am so tired I can not get

along.' I told her I had heard people say, that it was exceedingly dangerous for a person to sit down in the snow to rest when exhausted with traveling; for they would be likely to become chilly and inclined to sleep, and without great exertion they would never rise again. 'Let us have good courage, as every step brings us nearer home.' After awhile she said, 'I can not get along; I am so tired, and the road is so bad, I must stop and rest.' So saying she stopped. I turned to her and said, 'Mrs. B., why do you dwell so much upon your weariness? Think of home. The children are now looking out for us. How glad they will be when they see us coming; we shall then feel paid for all this labor.' I saw she felt it. The 'mother' awoke in her heart, and she ceased complaining and took a firmer step. When she faltered, I talked to her of the children, and she drooped forward. All this while I dared not tell her of my own fatigue, and yet I was ready to sink. The snow had become nearly two feet deep, and was still falling. We had each of us taken too great a load; but we could not throw any part of it away; for it seemed like taking bread from our starving children. The day was hasting to a close, and the thick hemlock forest cast a gloom upon our path like the shades of despair, when Mrs. B. stopped and said, "Tis of no use; I will sit down; for I can not walk,' and was preparing to do so; but I turned round, and hastily broke me a stick, raising it with my voice, 'If you attempt to sit down, I declare I will whip you severely-much as I love you. If you are once down I shall not be able to get you up again; and do you think I can bear to hear the cries of your motherless children? No, never! Have you lost all regard for your children? Come along; I know you can, if you will but summon resolution; for we are almost home. Come, step in my tracks, and let us hurry along.' I set forward with stick in hand, feeling as though I had her and all the children upon my back, besides my other burdens. If she lingered, I turned and scolded, and shook the stick at her; for all other means had failed of producing effect. In this way we wallowed along as we could, and the Lord was graciously merciful to us. The sight of home was reviving, and the shouts of the children at the top of their voices, 'They've comethey've come, and now we shall have something to eat!' was sweet music in our ears.

"The poor woman thanked me a thousand times for my severity toward her, as it seemed the only means that saved her life. Our husbands were a long time detained; for it was the winter of the great snow. We could hear nothing of them; we knew not whether they were alive or dead; but when they arrived, we had a joyful time. They had been tortured with agonizing suspense about un—had labored by day to break a road which would fill again during the night, till despair had well-nigh overwhelmed them; but to find us so well, they could hardly set bounds to their joy. We, too, felt our full share of delight, not only to

see them alive, but by this time had learned to estimate the value of bread; and to see such loads, O, it was transporting to our drooping spirits!"

THE ISLANDS OF THE SKY.

BY LILIAS.

WHEN from the cloudless, beauteous west the orb of day has cast his last look of love, and glowingly declined behind the hills, how pleasing to those who love to "watch the changing splendors of the night," to see here and there a star that has arrayed itself in the spotless apparel of beauty and kindled its eternal lamp, as if the eye of holy Love watched over earth in the profundity of her repose. With what a strange light those pure ether-dwellers seem to shine! Who, after the excitement of the day, can gaze upon them, twinkling with a light so calm, peaceful, and holy, and not feel in some measure soothed by the quiet, and the thoughts of sublimity which they inspire? Point me, if possible, to an intelligent being, possessing any taste for the contemplation of the beauties of nature, who will not, as "night drops her curtain and pins it with a star." look with wonder and delight upon the silver and sapphire sky, and be struck with awe and admiration at the splendid scene. Will not the thoughts of him who views the starry heavens with pleasure be directed to the Author of all that is fair, sublime, and good in the creation? Who, musing on the splendid objects which the firmament displays, does not, for a time, become so lost in thought as to cease to remember this world of which he still forms a part? And who, when he is called from his "roaming and reveling 'mid the stars," does not feel a reluctance to again enter the scenes of active life? Whether he contemplates the number, magnitude, or situation of the heavenly bodies, or the mysterious laws by which they are governed and upheld, he is equally lost in wonder and astonishment. To such a mind will they not speak a universal and powerful language relative to the existence and perfections of Him who created all things and governs all by the word of his power?

Through heaven's innumerable fields of blue, the fair stars of night pursue their ceaseless course. Ages on ages since, the voice of the Almighty kindled their fires, taught them what time to rise, and when to set, and sent them in different circuits round the heavens. Thousands of years they have kept on their nightly journey, obedient to their Maker's power and will, nor ever varied from the grand design of Him who marks each planet's path.

When the shades of evening have gathered around, and I have seen the stars, one after another, shine forth, radiant with beauty, but without any apparent order, each lending its twinkling light to give variety and beauty to the hemisphere, how often have I thought of the words of the poet,

"And there she sat, pale Night, Wreathing the stars at random round her brow," till I seemed, in a measure, to participate in the feelings which called forth their utterance. There are emotions in that still evening hour which steal upon the heart, making more pure and tender all we feel. It is peculiarly adapted to awaken-feelings of gratitude, and to inspire the heart with holy love. The twinkling stars, decorating the canopy above, and sparkling with undiminished splendor, speak forth the wisdom of the great Original.

Who that has ever seen bright and beautiful Venus in the west, a little after sunset, will fail to call her evening's proudest star? Does she not reign queen of the jeweled night? She stands out in peerless beauty, dispensing her blessed light, and flinging her brilliant rays across our path. Who that has an eye not indifferent to the revelations of night, can but admire her twinkling and sparkling in the azure vault of heaven, as if conscious of the admiration she elicited and it only served to highten the brilliancy of her rays? Fair star! thy vesper beams are hailed with pleasure; for thou seemest to say, that, in the calm sphere where thou art burning all troubles cease. And when all who love us, and whom we love, are called to bow to death's stern mandate, then shalt thou uprise to shine as now thou dost and shed thy tears above us.

THE SUMMER STREAM.

BY MISS HARRIET J. MERE.

AWAKE, my lyre, be warmed my thought, To sing the bower the Nine have made, Where Art and Poesy have wrought A world of peace, a wealth of shade; And had I space I'd rouse thy strings, And people with imaginings. And had I power I'd pass my day Where Peace lifts up her spotless plume Where life floats on in early bloom, And passes in the bloom away-Where the great world's incessant hum, Like a far fantasy, would come O'er the wide waters, all apart, And wake no echo of the heart. Thus would I live, where earth is rife With solitude and breath is balm; Nor be my grave beneath the strife Of the world's struggle for its palm; 'Twould jar my slumber's breathless calm, And haunt it with a dream of life. No, I would take my rest at last In such an Eden-imaged spot,

Lie down at eve when day is past,
Forgetting and by all forgot:
The willow on the shore would weep
Its floret-tears above my sleep,
And the sweet "summer stream" would be
The music of my memory.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1850.

THE DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

MICHAEL BRUCE, author of that peerless little poem, The Cuckoo, and whom our readers may recollect from a previous sketch of ours, was a native of Kipross-shire, Scotland. That excellent man, Dr. George Lawson, Professor of Theology in the Secession Church of Scotland, being once called upon to preach in the neighborhood of Kinnesswood, the county seat of Kinross, called to see his young friend Bruce, who was then scarcely twenty-one years of age, but in the last stages of con-sumption. "I found him," says Dr. Lawson, "in bed, with his countenance pale as death, while his eyes shone like lamps in a sepulcher. He appeared delighted to see me, and spoke with as much ease and freedom as if he had been in perfect health." The Doctor remarked to him that he was glad to see him so cheerful. "And why," said Bruce, "should not a man be cheerful on the verge of heaven?" "But," said Dr. Lawson, "you look so emaciated; I am afraid you can not last long." "You remind me," he replied, " of the story of the peas ant who was told that his hovel was about to fall, and I answer with him, 'Let it fall; it is not mine."

Young Bruce died about a month after this interview. His mind had been, as usual, calm and cheerful up to the fifth day of July, 1768. Before the day closed, his spirit had fled. His Bible was found upon his pillow, marked down at the tenth verse of the twenty-second chapter of Jeremiah, "Weep ye not for the dead; neither bemoan him;" and on the blank leaf this very homely but very expressive verse was found in pencil marks:

"Tis very vain for me to boast, How small a price my Bible cost; The day of judgment will make clear, "Twas very cheap or very dear."

THE UNGRATEFUL MAN.

THE following paragraph from the pen of Dr. Robert South, though, in some respects, severe, is, in the main, quite just and truthful:

"The thread that nature spins is seldom broken off by any thing but death. I do not by this limit the operation of God's grace, for that may do wonders; but humanly speaking, and according to the method of the world, and the little correctives supplied by art and discipline, it seldom fails but an ill principle has its course, and nature makes good its blow. And, therefore, where ingratitude begins remarkably to show itself, he surely judges most wisely who takes alarm betimes, and, arguing the fountain from the stream, concludes that there is ill-nature at the bottom; and so, reducing his judgment into practice, timely withdraws his frustraneous baffled kindnesses, and sees the folly of endeavoring to stroke a tiger into a lamb, or to court an Ethiopian out of his color."

THE WRATH OF THE LAMB.

THE following paragraph concludes a discourse on the last judgment by R. W. Hamilton, D. D., LL. D., a Congregationalist of England, celebrated as one of the most eloquent orators of the age:

"Did you ever, my beloved hearers, think upon these words—'the wrath of the Lamb?' the wrath, not of

'the lion of the tribe of Judah,' but 'of the Lamb.' Not the wrath of him who goeth forth in his indignation, but 'the wrath of the Lamb '-the Lamb meek and gentle-the Lamb who was 'led to the slaughter'the Lamb that was slain.' 'The wrath of the Lamb!' What! that emblem of compassion, that incarnation of pity-can there be wrath in him? Wrath in that eye which wept over the perishing sinner? Wrath on those lips that only spake of kindness and of love? What meaneth this combination? 'The wrath of the Lamb!' Exhausted patience then; inflamed mercy then; incensed love then. No more compassion in infinite compassion; no more love in inexhaustible love. The cross no more propitiates; the blood of expiation no more speaks; 'the door is shut;' the very office of Mediator is abdicated; and now there is left but 'the wrath of the Lamb!"

THE BUSY IDLER.

"I REMEMBER," says an old divine, "that Agricola, in his book, 'De Animalibus Subterraneis,' tells of a certain kind of spirits that used to converse in mines. and trouble the poor laborers: they dig metals, they cleanse, they cast, they melt, they separate, they join the ore; but when they are gone, the men find just nothing done, not one step of their work set forward; so it is in the books and expositions of many men: they study, they argue, they expound, they confute, they reprove, they open secrets, and make new discoveries; and when you turn the bottom upward, up starts nothing; no man is the wiser, no man is instructed, no truth discovered, no proposition cleared, nothing is altered, but that much labor and much time is lost: and this is manifest in nothing more than in books of controversy, and in mystical expositions of Scripture."

SUPERIORITY OF MORAL GREATNESS.

"In the day of falling timber," says Jeremy Taylor, "the shrub and the bramble are better than the tallest fir, or the goodliest cedar; and a poor saint, whose soul is in the hand of Jesus, placed under the altar, over which our High Priest, like the cherubim over the propitiary, intercedes perpetually for the hastening of his glory, is better than the greatest tyrant, who, if he dies, is undone forever. For, in the interval, there shall be rest and comfort to the one, and torment, and amazement, and hellish confusion to the other; and the day of judgment will come, and it shall appear to all the world, that they whose joys were not in this world, were not, 'of all men, most miserable,' because their joys and their life were hid with Christ in God, and at the resurrection of the just, shall be brought forth, and be illustrious, beyond all the beauties of the world."

SEPARATION OF FRIENDS.

"I HAVE not many friends," says one of Scotland's first poets in a letter to a relative, "but I love them well. Death has been among the few I have. Poor Dryburg! but he is happy. I expected to have been his companion through life, and that we should have stepped into the grave together; but Heaven has seen fit to dispose of him otherwise. Farewell, my rival in immortal hope—my companion, I trust, for eternity!

'Like the dew on the mountain, Like the foam on the river, Like the bubble on the fountain, Thou art gone, and for ever!' Farewell, through boundless ages, farewell! Mayest thou shine when the sun is darkened! Mayest thou live and triumph when time expires! We meet no more in this foreign land—this gloomy apartment of the universe of God. But there is a better world in which we may meet to part no more."

SINGING.

"THOUGH but a poor singer," says a venerable and popular writer of the age, "yet have I a habit of singing when alone. A little thing sets me off—a bit of green on the earth, or a bit of blue in the skies. Yes, yes, I like singing, and often sing with my heart when my lips are silent. Who asks the birds to sing? They sing to relieve their hearts, and this is the sort of singing that I like. I love to hear a loud halleluiah, not by the clear musical voice of one who is paid for it, but by a thousand tongues singing with the heart and with the understanding. You shall have my favorite song. I sang it in my youth and my manhood, and now I am singing it in my years:

When all thy mercies, O, my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.'

My voice may not be very melodious, but I try to sing with my heart, as the apostle says, 'I will sing with the spirit and with the understanding also.'"

THE WONDERFUL MYSTERY.

"Nor God and angels," says Krummacher, the great German author—" not God and Adam, but God and our disorganized nature, were joined together in one. O, unutterable mystery! The Eternal became a creature of time! The Unapproachable, an object which we have seen with our eyes, looked upon, and handled! The Lord of lords, the brother and a relative of miserable sinners! The all-holy One, a partaker of our misery, and a sojourner in our vale of tears! The Consoler of all affliction, weeping with those that weep, and suffering along with them! The Thunderer amidst the clouds, at whose reproof the heavens tremble, a lisping, stammering child on the bosom of Mary! Such is the perfection and the crown of the wonders of God! Halleluiah! for though we know not how the incarnation of the Son of God took place, we know that it has been done!"

THE DATS OF DARKNESS.

"ALL is well as long as the sun shines," says Bishop Taylor, "and the fair breath of heaven gently wafts us to our own purposes. But if you will try the excellency and feel the work of faith, place the man in a persecution; let him ride in a storm; let his bones be broken with sorrow, and his eyes loosed with sickness; let his bread be dipped with tears, and all the daughters of music be brought low; let us come to sit upon the margin of our grave, and let a tyrant lean hard upon our fortunes, and dwell upon our wrong; let the storm arise, and the keels toss till the cordage crack, or that all our hopes bulge under us, and descend into the hollowness of sad misfortune."

THE DEW-DROP OF THE EYE.

TEARS and weeping have been the themes of poets since the days of Thomas Gray down to the present

time. None, however, have equaled in genuine poetic beauty the stanzas of Samuel Rogers, one of the sweetest and tenderest of modern English bards. The following stanzas constitute the principal part of his poem addressed "To a Tear:"

"The little brilliant, ere it fell, Its luster caught from pity's eye; Then, trembling, left its coral cell-The spring of sensibility! Sweet drop of pure and pearly light. In thee the rays of Virtue shine: More calmly clear, more mildly bright, Than any gem that gilds the mine. The sage's and the poet's theme, In every clime, in every age: Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream. In Reason's philosophic page. That very law which molds a tear, And bids it trickle from its source, That law preserves the earth a sphere, And guides the planets in their course."

LISTENING.

GREAT talkers are seldom good listeners, and what is worse they are seldom good scholars. A man whose tongue is forever running, and whose words are forever dropping, is a man whom we should be extremely cautious about meeting; "As grains of sand," says a quaint author, "are to the steps of the aged, so are the words of the tattler to the ear of the wise." It is scarcely possible to tell what to do when one encounters the everlasting talker—the man whose rivers of words have not a drop of intellect in them, and who can discourse from noon to sundown about nothing. When fairly entrapped by such a one, we must fight out the hours as best we may; yet if any avenue of escape present itself, it would be well, indeed, and that, too, without reference to etiquette, to bid him good day, and depart in hot haste.

THE POET OSSIAN.

OSSIAN is strictly a poet of nature. There is not an allusion in his writings that does not refer expressly to her productions. To quote instances would be to quote his entire works. The following, however, is more exquisite than even any thing in Homer:

"Ullin, Fingal's bard, was there; the sweet tree of the hill of Cona. He praised the daughter of Snow, and Morven's high-descended chief. The daughter of Snow overheard, and left the hall of her secret sigh. She came in all her beauty, like the moon from a cloud in the east. Loveliness was around her as light. Her steps were like the music of songs."

THE FOLLY OF THE GRASSHOPPER.

MEN and grasshoppers are very much alike in regard to the future. The grasshopper sings and dances the summer away, and having made no preparation for the winter, dies with the first icy blast. Man wonders at the improvidence of the foolish insect, yet he thinks not of his own folly in making no provision for the future, when, like the grasshopper, with the first blast of adversity, he must sink down and die. The early years of life are spent in gayety and frivolity. Middle life comes with its cares and graver follies, and old age, before the thought of death comes upon it, is cut down by death, and consigned to the grave.

NEW BOOKS.

THE LAVE OF JOHN CALVIN. Compiled from Authentic surces, and particularly from his Correspondence. By Thomas H. Dyer. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850 .- The Life of John Wesley by Dr. Southey is an imperfect and distorted biography; and there are abandant facts to prove the truth of the statement. Some very severe things are said of Calvin by Mr. Dyer; but we think he has only said these things because he was compelled to say them. We are consequently not of the number who attribute to bigotry any of the observations which the present biographer of Calvin has seen fit to make upon the reformer of Geneva. We have rarely seen candor so generously displayed as in the present instance by Mr. Dyer. The biography of Calvin by Dr. Henry is voluminous, and in many respects very satisfactory; but it needs no proof of ours to show, that, in consequence of his great partiality for Calvin and admiration of his character generally, the Dector has kept many circumstances in the background which ought to have been fally exposed, while other things are given in a light not perfectly in accordance with strict evidence in the case. The biography of Mr. Dyer we think entirely free from these defects. He writes with great calmness and force, and yet with such an air of pleasant vivacity, that no one will tire in the perusal of his volume. The work is graced with a fine portrait of Calvin, and contains over four hundred and fifty pages of matter, clearly and beautifully printed.

JOHN HOWARD AND THE PRISON WORLD OF EUROPE. From Original and Authentic Documents. By Hepworth Dix-New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1850 .- The introductory essay to this work is from the pen of R. W. Dickinson, D. D., of New York is. It well written, and is strongly commendatory of the character and labors of the greatest of modern philanthropists. The Prison World of Europe contains twelve chapters, which treat, respectively, of the following topics: The Prison World before the Days of Howard; Youth, Education, and Suffering of Howard; Home; Life at Cardington; Discipline of a Wounded Spirit; The Crusade Commenced; The Prison World of England; The Prison World of the Continent; Theories of Crime; Perils by Sea and Land; European Pilgrimage; The Cities of the Plague; The Martyrdom. Mr. Dixon has executed his part as author of this volume with great skill. His style is free and vigorous, sometimes bold and startling, yet always meeting the expectation of the reader. Many facts of most melancholy interest are developed, which make one almost turn away with a shudder from contemplating the miseries of humanity. The ruin of Howard's only son, his dissolute and libidinous life, and his lingering death, are scenes such as the heart can dwell on only with the keenest anguish. The death of Howard, at Cherson, on the Black Sea, is a sketch which we would fain transcribe for our columns. It is drawn with exquisite tenderness, and shows how deeply was the European world attached to Howard and to all his labors of love.

METHODISM IN EARNEST. By Rev. James Caughey. by Rev. R. W. Allen and Rev. Daniel Wise. Boston: Charles H. Pierce. 1850 .- Through some cause, unknown to us, we have never received a copy of this work for notice, and our present inspection of it is the result of the kindness of a friend who has handed it as for perusal. The full title of the book reads, "Methodism in Earnest; being the History of a Great Revival in Great Britain, in which Twenty Thousand Souls were Justified and Ten Thousand Sanctified in about Six Years, through the Instrumentality of Rev. James Caughey; including an account of those Mental and Spiritual Exercises which made him so eminently a Revivalist. Selected and arranged from 'Canghey's Letters' by Rev. R. W. Allen, and edited by Rev. Daniel Wise, A. M." The work contains twenty-five chapters, constituting four hundred and fifty-six pages duodecimo. Several parts of it have been very severely criticised, but rather too severely we think. There are, it is true, passages and reflections occurring here and there which, had we been editor, should never have appeared; but, after all, we do not know that they are going to injure materially the cause of true, evangelical piety. The work in general displays a very healthy tone, and will accomplish much good. At least such is our present impression. The editors have, in the main, executed their work well, and deserve praise for the skill manifested in the arrangement of the volume, as well as for the easy and perspicuous style of the narrative itself.

THE GENIUS OF SCOTLAND; or, Sketches of Scottish Scenery Literature, and Religion. By Rev. Robert Turnbull. Fifth Edition. Illustrated. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1850 .- Mr. Turnbull introduces himself to his readers in a very brief preface as having been born and educated in Scotland, and as possessing a tolerable acquaintance with its history and literature. The plan of his work is somewhat novel, combining in a larger degree than is customary descriptions of scenery. with literary and biographical sketches, portraitures of character, social and religious, incidents of travel, and reflections on matters of local and general interest. He has conse quently omitted many things which the mere tourist would transfer to his pages, and in their stead has given matters of more enduring interest. Seldom have we taken up a work of such life and vigor as the Genius of Scotland. The sketches of Knox, Burns, Wilson, Chalmers, Bruce, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Sir Walter Scott, are most felicitons and attractive; but there are many other pictures equally as fine scattered throughout the entire work. We are willing, most cheerfully, to take the censure, should any one of our readers purchase Mr. Turnbull's volume, and having read, be dissatisfied with it.

NARRATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES EXPEDITION TO THE RIVER JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA. By W. F. Lynch, U. S. N. Philadelphia: Les & Blanchard. 1850.—This work was originally published in octave size, with numerous engravings. It can now be had in duodecime form at a price less than one-third of the octave volume. We have read with great interest this Narrative of Lieut. Lynch, and we doubt not our readers would find in it the same or even greater interest. The style, though not wholly faultless, is, generally, perspicuous and elegant, and is not deserving in any sense the wholesale denunciations recently lavished upon it by some foreign journalists.

THE BIBLE EXPOSITOR. New York: Rebert Carter & Brothers. 1830.—This work contains confirmations of the trath of the holy Scriptures from the observations of recent travelers, illustrating the manners, customs, and places referred to in the Bible. Many passages in the Bible, as the reader well knows, contain allusions to manners and customs, familiar, indeed, to those to whom they were originally addressed, but imperfectly known to us. An obviation, in part, of this difficulty, is the object of the present volume. We think that object achieved. The numerous engravings of the volume are not by any means its sole commendation. Bible classes and teachers in Sabbath schools will find it a valuable auxiliary in their studies. Besides a general index, there is attached to the volume an index of all the texts quoted, which we think of special service to all who would understand the real merits of the work itself.

WRITTEN PICTURES; or, Short Talks to Young People. By a Tracher. New York: Lane & Scott. 1850.—This little volume constitutes No. 453 of the Sunday School and Youth's Labrary. It is understood to be from the pen of Erwin House, author of Sketches for the Young. The style of the work is totally distinct from that of the Sketches, and though designed specifically for very young persons, we think older persons would not be injured in its perusal. We finished its pages at one sitting.

A ROLL-BOOK FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS, CLASS-LEADERS, AND OTHERS. New York: Lone & Scott. 1850.—With this book we are every way pleased. It is just such a one as every Sabbath school superintendent and every class-leader should have.

QUESTIONS ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. Edited by Daniel P. Kidder. New York: Lane & Seatt. 1850.—The object of these questions is to promote a knowledge of the New Testament as a whole. They differ, of course, in the extent of ground passed over, from any previous work. We think the volume judiciously arranged.

RECENT BOOKS.

THE HISTORY OF THE PROGRESS AND TERMINATION OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC. By Adam Forguson, LL. D. New York: Carter & Brothers. 1849 .- Dr. Ferguson was born in the year 1724, and died in 1816, at the advanced age of ninetythree. Quite early in life he became the associate of Dr. Robertson, Blair, Horne, and others. In his twentieth year he became chaplain to the forty-second British regiment, which post he held for nearly thirteen years. He visited America in 1778 as Secretary to the commissioners appointed to negotiate with the revolted colonies. The last days of his life were spent in ease and affluence. Of his writings, generally, varions opinions have been entertained. His history of Civil Society is characterized by great eloquence and power of diction, and has attained considerable favor with the literary public. The distinguishing fault of Dr. Ferguson is his impassioned love of succinctness and brevity. This brevity but too frequently tends to obscurity and misapprehension on the part of the reader. The history of the Roman republic seems free from the common faults of Dr. Ferguson as a writer. It is a most valuable compendium, illustrated by comprehensive and philosophical views of society. The present edition is a fine octavo of five hundred pages, accompanied with a spirited portrait of Dr. Ferguson, an engraved title-page, and a map of the coasts and internal divisions, the naval and military stations of the Roman empire under Augustus.

THE ANNALS OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE. By Christopher Anderson. New York: Carter & Bretkers. 1849.—This is an abridgment and a continuation of the original work of Mr. Anderson by the Rev. Mr. Prime, one of the secretaries of the American Bible Society. The volume before us is divided into five books, and each book is subdivided into some dozen sections or chapters each, the whole presenting a most interesting and complete history of the Bible from the days of Tyndall down to the present hour. Appended to the work is a valuable, though brief, survey of the history of the American Bible Society, as, also, a chronological list of English Bibles and New Testaments, with certain public libraries and individual proprietors in possession of copies. The publishers have acquitted themselves well in regard to the appearance of the volume, which is an octave of five hundred and fifty pages.

THE FARMER'S DICTIONARY. Edited by D. P. Gardiner, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1846.—This work comprises a vocabulary of the technical terms recently introduced into agriculture and horticulture from various sciences, and also a compendium of practical farming, the latter from the most recent and approved writers, English and American, on agriculture. The compilation of this work has been attended with great labor, but Dr. Gardiner, we think, has executed his task with accuracy and fidelity. To most of the crops raised in the United States an appendix has been made of the composition of the ashes, and remarks offered on the special manures necessary for the different parts of our country. The best theories of the chemical school of agriculture are likewise given. Many of the earlier days of our life were spent in farming operations; and were we to return again to them, we should no more think of being without the Farmer's Dictionary than of going without our hoe and our plow.

A COMPANION FOR THE AFFLICTED. Designed for the Benefit of all who are Distressed, whether in Body, Mind, or Estate. By Thomas H. Walker. New York: Lane & Tippett. 1346.—The sufferings incident to man in this world are almost numberless. To know how to endure them is one of the most important lessons of wisdom. No merely human composition, with which we have met, transcends the present work in real power to instruct, to soothe, and to comfort under distresses of all kinds. The sole aim of the author in the publication of his volume, he assures us, was the benefit of the afflicted. The work contains a very brief introduction from the pen of Dr. George Peck. Every Christian family should be in possession of it; for though not now strictly in need of its counsels, no one knows when the hour of darkness and trial will fall upon the soul.

AN ESSAY ON CHURCH POLITY; comprehending an outline of the Controversy on Ecclesiastical Government, and a Vindication of the Eccleriastical System of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Rev. Abel Stevens, A. M. New York: Lane & Tippett. 1847 .- The itinerant system of the Methodist Episcopal Church receives a strong defense in the present volume. Mr. Stevens is a writer of marked original power, and whatever he says is entirely to the point under discussion. First, an outline of the controversy on Church government in general is given, presenting at the same time the views of our own Church on the subject and the authorities which support them. Secondly, we have a discussion of the origin of the system of the Methodist Episcopal Church. And, thirdly, an examination is instituted relative to the structure of Methodist polity, explanatory and defensive of its itinerancy, episcopacy, and other matters. The temper of the volume is admirable, its style spirited, and its matter invaluable.

OLD CHRISTIANITY AGAINST PAPAL NOVELTIES; including a Review of Dr. Milnor's " End of Controversy." By Gideon Ouseley. Philadelphia: John Ball. 1849.—We recollect, years ago, having had Milnor's End of Controversy put into our hands by a Catholic acquaintance, with a view not exactly of making a better man of ourself, but to unsettle our faith in the Bible. Dr. Milnor, we then thought, was considerable of a polemist, and as good a defender of Papacy as the Roman Catholics could boast. Subsequent experience has confirmed ns in our views. Dr. Milnor has, however, found a reviewer in the person of Mr. Ouseley who does his dogmas full justice. We have seldom seen work so cleanly done as is here done by Gideon Ouseley. With a full knowledge of all the historical points under discussion, a vivid perception of the deformities and absurdities of the "man of sin," and a most liberal spirit of inquiry, he has given the world a work glowing with all the attributes of truth, and which can not fail, wherever circulated, to subserve the great cause of civil liberty, the rights of conscience, and the claims of religious freedom.

THE CIRCLE OF HUMAN LIFE. Translated from the German of Dr. F. A. G. Tholuck. By Rev. Robert Mensies. New York: Robert Carter. 1848.—Dr. Tholuck is Professor of Theology in the Royal University of Halle, Germany, and is esteemed, both in this and his own country, for his personal piety. Nine topics of importance are discussed in the small volume before us; namely, New-Year's Day, A Birthday, Baptism, Profession of Faith, The Holy Supper, Outset in Life, Marriage, The Evening of Life, and the Death of the Christian. On these points Dr. Tholuck speaks as seeing the "things that are invisible;" and as the fresh and lively impressions made upoa his mind are given forth in language the most simple and unstudied the effect upon the reader is all the more powerful.

RASSELAS, Prince of Abyssinia. By Samuel Johnson, L.L. D. New York: Carter & Brothers. 1850 .- For this edition of Johnson's inimitable allegory we return the publishers our heartiest thanks. It is altogether the neatest copy which we have ever seen of Rasselas. The reader is probably aware that this production of Dr. Johnson is nothing more nor less than a series of essays on morality and religion, the efficacy of pilgrimages, the state of departed souls, the probability of the reappearance of the dead, the dangers of solitude, and kindred topics. The scene, though laid in the east, makes no effort to portray eastern manners. The work betrays throughout the habits of thought and the state of mind peculiarly belonging to the great lexicographer. Particularly does it reveal the melancholy temperament of Johnson. Rasselas was written in the evenings of one week, to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. With the orthodoxy of the work we have no discussion now. Occasionally paragraphs occur which can not be deemed strictly true, either in a religious or scientific sense, but they are matters of such minor consideration that none will be injured in the perusal of them. In chapter forty-four are some fine strokes for novel-readers, or rather some remarks on the dangerous prevalence of imagination, which would be serviceable, doubtless, to all who desire to curb a wayward fancy.

PERIODICALS.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for April closes the eighty-sixth volume of this standard periodical. It contains articles as follows:

 Giacomi Leopardi—a complimentary article on a recent Italian pretical writer of this name. There are some fine paragraphs in it, and some which are just the reverse.

 Ranke's House of Brandenburg—a history, principally, of Prussia during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Professor Ranke is a German writer of very considerable popularity. His History of the Popes is a well-written and justlycolebrated work.

3. Queen's College—London—a readable article. Queen's College—an off-shoot from the Governess' Benevolent Institution—was opened on the first of May, 1348. Lectures are given in it, on the various branches of female education, to all ladies from twelve years old and upward, on payment of a moderate fee per quarter.

4. Grate's History of Graces—a highly-laudatory critique, in which the reviewer, speaking of Mr. Grote's eight volumes on Graces just completed, pronounces him not merely a historian, but, emphatically, the historian of Graces. The paper is remarkably well written.

5. Urquhart's Pillars of Hercules—a most bitter and ironical bit at Sir Thomas Urquhart, knight of Cromarty, and his descendants.

 Facts in Figures—a consorious review of the quarterly digest of statistics, as abstracted from official returns—brief but instructive.

7. Diary of a Dutiful Son-short, piquant, and fanciful. The extracts are quaint, verily.

8. Cunningham's Hand-Book for London develops some interesting facts.

Lord Lieutenent Clarendon—a partisan article of no interest to American readers.

10. Bazter's Impressions of Europe—rather severe, and, we think, without a proper show of justice, too. It would be easy work to review Mr. Bazter's reviewer.

11. Escape of Louis Philippe—a long but deeply-interesting

THE EDINBURG REVIEW for April has ten articles:

1. National Observatories—Greenwich—a most instructive and valuable article.

2. Sydney Smith's Sketches of Moral Philosophy-full of extracts, and quite panegyrical of Mr. Smith as a writer.

3. Supply of Water to the Metropolis—a discussion of the question of supplying London with water from the river Thames at Henly.

4. Landor's Postry-moderate and liberal, with copious ex-

5. The Polynesians and New Zealand—an instructive and valuable article.

6. British and Continental Turat'on—rather of a legal character, but will be generally read.

7. The Village Notary—review of a remance of Hungarian life.

 Lewis on Authority in Matters of Opinion—quite a long, but an excellent review. It will lead to a perusal of the work itself of Mr. Lewis.

Agricultural Complaints—statistical, but communicates a
vast variety of interesting facts.

10. Germany and Erfurt—a respectful, but not very lofty view of the power of Prussia to benefit the German confederacy.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE OF FOREIGN LITERATURE is a monthly issue, of one hundred and forty-four pages. Each number is embellished with a splendid steel engraving by John Sartain, of Philadelphia. The number for June contians fifteen articles:

1. The Bar in England and France—rather long, but a profitable article. It is from the British Quarterly Review.

2. Musings in my Study—from the New Monthly Magazine a very brief, but a very interesting article, from the pen of Horace Smith. Esq. 3. Recent Poetry-Prospective Review-touches on Kingsley, Trench, Burbridge, and Clough-good, but not long. 4. Mary Fonwick, or the Alibi-Fraser's Magazine-a charm-

4. Mary Fonwick, or the Alibi-Fraser's Magazine-a charming sketch.

5. Goldsmith's Writings-Blackwood's Magazine-just and valuable.

6. Death and Burial of Ochlen Schlager—Tait's Magazine—well written and attractive.

The Industrial Exhibition of 1851—Westminster Review—somewhat facetions, but quite sensible.

Memoirs of the First Duckess of Orleans—Dublin University Magazine—carefully written and quite original.

9. A Batch of Biographies-Fraser's Magazine-long, but spicy.

10. Women in the East-Bentley's Miscellany-a short parrative.

11. Junction of the Atlantic and Pacific—Westminster Review—a sensible and valuable article.

12. Coit's Ridge—Bentley's Miscellany—a brilliant sketch from the pen of Alfred B. Street.

13. Poems of Ebenezer Elliott-Westminster Raview-abounds with specimens of the Corn-Law Rhymer's postry-good.

14. Francis Jeffrey.—Tait's Magazine—highly complimentary.
15. The Praise of Smoking—Bentley's Miscellany—very short, and very odd.

A portrait of the Hon, Mrs. Norton and eleven poetical artieles occupy this most interesting number of the Eclectic.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for May, though not so varied in interest as some previous numbers, is nevertheless a good number. We have this list of articles:

 Claverhouse by Macaulay and Aytoun—a very long but interesting paper. It is properly a review of Aytoun's recent work, Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.

2. Edwin Chadwick, C. B.—Mr. Chadwick is well known as one of the most prominent reformers or philanthropists in Britain—highly complimentary.

John Calvin—review of Dyer's Life of Calvin. The editor of the North British Review is himself a Calvinist, which readily accounts for the rather lenient character of the present article.

4. Hunt's Postry of Science—novel and interesting.

5. F. K. Hant's "Fourth Estate"—a history of foreign newspapers and of the liberty of the press—instructive.

6. Mahomet and the Koran—review of Washington Irving's Life of Mahomet, which is characterized as "an elegant but jejune compilation of legends relating to Mahomet, and by no means such a life of the prop! at as ought by this time to have been laid before the English public." We think the reviewer very severe.

7. Southey's Life and Correspondence-quite long, but most interesting.

8. The Jewish Theocracy-very brief.

9. Lord Jeffrey-brief, also, but highly panegyric.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW for July, just received, contains eleven articles, a few of which we have given a hasty perusal, and should pronounce very superior. Dr. M'Clintock, the editor, is now on a visit to Europe on account of his health. Dr. George Peck, the former able editor of the Quarterly, fills the editorial chair during Dr. M'Clintock's absence, which will continue till September next. In an anouncement to correspondents, it is stated that there is now on hand a sufficient number of articles to fill the pages of the Review up to July, 1851. The editor likewise announces that he wishes no article sent to the Review except it be with a perfect willingness, on the part of the writer, to have it abridged, if deemed necessary, by the editor.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—In this periodical there are always articles bor of a solid and light cast, in the perusal of which we find invariably something to interest and to instruct. Tales, noveletts, etc., are sometimes found in its pages, which, however, we never find time to peruse, and which, if we should, would probably do us no good.

NEWSPAPERS.

Our of a grand total of 57,960,784 passengers conveyed by railways in England during a period of twelve months, twentyone only were killed, of whom twelve met their deaths by their own carelessness or misconduct, leaving but nine, or only one in more than 6,000,000, who lost his life through the inherent danger of this mode of conveyance.

A new machine, capable of making 26,000 perfect bricks per hour, at the cost of about one guines, has recently been exhibited by Messrs. Hart, engineers, of London, and was highly approved of.

About as much nitrate of soda as can easily be taken up between the forefinger and thumb, put into the glass every time the water is changed, will preserve cut flowers in all their beauty for above a fortnight.

In London there are 12,000 children regularly under training to crime, 30,000 thieves, 6,000 receivers of stolen goods, 23,000 persons picked up in a state of drunkenness, 50,000 habitual gin-drinkers, and 150,000 of both sexes leading an abandoned life.

Michael Lyons, a weaver, of Seymour-street, Manchester, has invented a machine, by which trowsers and even coats may be weven complete in one piece, requiring not a touch of the needle.

A needle factory, the only one on this continent, has recently been established near Newark, N. J. William Essex, an Englishman, and the original inventor of "drill-eyed needles," is the proprietor of the cencern. The English needlemakers are very anxious to have the manufactory closed, and have offered inducements to Mr. Essex to give it up and return home.

A tunnel is to be cut through the Alps, seven miles in length, nineteen feet high, and twenty-five feet wide, costing \$3,000,-000.

Some English dentists, after plugging the cavities of decayed teeth, drill a hole in the filling, in which they place a small tube, for the exudation of any matter that may be formed in the teeth.

Galvanism is extensively applied to ancurism. M. Perriquin charges a small battery of forty elements with a solution of sal ammoniac and puts four small needles in the tumor. In twenty minutes it is solidified.

The farmers' daughters of Massachusetts sold straw hats and bonnets last year to the value of \$1,646,596.

An American churn has been exhibited before the Lord Mayor of London, which in ten minutes produced four pounds of butter from four quarts of cream.

There are one hundred and ninety loan societies in England. There were 69,642 applicants for loans the past year, and 55,-710 succeeded in their applications.

In England, there are about 250,000 Sunday school teachers, and about 2,000,000 scholars; and in the United States 500,000 teachers, and 3,000,000 scholars.

The merit of our actions consists not in doing extraordinary actions, but in doing ordinary actions extraordinarily well.

The English poet-laureate was formerly called the "King's Versifier," and may be traced as far back as 1251, at which period his stipend was one hundred shillings per annum; it is now £100.

A publication has been made, giving, as far as can be ascertained, the name, residence, and post-office of every practicing lawyer in the United States. The entire list shows that there are nincteen thousand, fice hundred.

A simple rule for ascertaining the length of the day and night at any time of the year, is to double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night, and double the time of setting, which gives the length of the day.

The entire sum of money raised by the Churches of Great Britain for missionary purposes, is about \$1,750,000, and by those of America, \$750,000, making together \$2,500,000, a sum only equal to the annual gifts of idolaters at Kalee's temple at Calcutta.

In sickness there is no hand like a woman's—no heart like a woman's heart—no eye so untiring—no hope so fervent, Woman by a sick man's couch is divinity personated, Self-love is at once the most delicate and the most vigorous of our defects; a nothing wounds it, but nothing kills it.

The first public lands in Wisconsin were brought into market in 1834. Since then, about six millions of acres have been sold, yielding to the United States treasury the sum of \$7,-402.247.

The diamond may be very easily recognized by putting it under water, where it retains all its brilliancy, having the appearance of a bubble of air, while all other precious stones lose their singular appearance. It will answer for diamonds of the first water only.

There are now in the different jails of France eleven or twelve thousand children, of both sexes, under sentence for terms that reach their twentieth year. The central prisons alone have four thousand, seven hundred and sixty-one.

The pulse of several of our domestic animals, as given by Vatel, is nearly as follows: horse, from thirty-two to thirty-eight pulsations per minute; ox or cow, thirty-five to forty-sight of fifty-four; sheep, seventy to seventy-nine; dog, ninety to one hundred; cat, one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty; rabbit, one hundred and twenty; duck, one hundred and thirty-six; hen, one hundred and forty.

Near nine hundred souls have been hurried into eternity by the explosion and burning of steamers in this country since January, 1850.

Morteotype is the name applied to a new application of daguerreotypes. It is imbedding the likeness of the form and features of the departed upon the tombstone, and making it impervious to the ravages of time by the use of a peculiar kind of cement, which makes the pictures as durable as the marble itself.

The people of the Cape of Good Hope have finally triumphed over the home government, as to the introduction of convict settlers. These are now to be taken to Van Dieman's Land.

Mr. Bain has been exhibiting his system of telegraphing to Louis Napoleon. He sent a dispatch to Lille, and received an answer in one minute, a distance of three hundred and twenty-five miles. Fifteen hundred letters were made in one minute.

The commissioners for the reduction of the national debt of England have issued a notice that they are about to apply the sum of £24,531 10s. 6d., under the provision of the Act 10, Geo. IV, being one-fourth of the surplus revenue of the year ending April, 1850.

The annual product of all the cotton mills in the United States is 250,000,000 yards, and the consumption of cotton is 600,000 bales, 100,000 bales of which are consumed south of the Potomac and in the western states. The value of this amount of cotton, when manufactured, is estimated at \$67,500,000.

The Wesleyan Methodists have, in France, chapels 48; preaching-places 78; missionaries 24; Sabbath school teachers 115; local preachers 39; full members 950; Sabbath school scholars 1,099; attendants on public worship 6,160.

The clerks and other persons employed directly by the departments at Washington is 533,633.

P. W. Porter, of Memphis, has made a self-loading rifle. It has a revolving wheel perforated with forty chambers.

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial, which appears in fine weather, but vanishes at the approach of a cloud.

Engines are now constructed for sale in London called Philip's fire annihilators. They are drawn on wheels very easily by two men. The largest machines cost thirty-five dollars. They emit a humid, expansive vapor, which instantly extinguishes fire.

A number of the Boston printers quite recently have entered into an agreement to abstain entirely from the use of intoxicating drinks, and to strive to bring about a general discontinuance of their use among the craft.

James Lennox, Esq., the purchaser of Washington's Farewell Address, has caused a literal copy of it to be printed; and fifty-four copies folio, and one hundred and seventy-five quarto, are to be presented to various institutions and individuals.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE vale of Nazareth and the Cingalese Scholars, our engravings for the month, are from the burin of our talented townsmen, Messrs. Charles A. Jewett and W. Anderson The reader, we think, with ourself, will admit them to be remarkably well executed. The modern town of Nazareth contains about five thousand inhabitants; four-fifths Christians, and the remainder Moslems. It has twenty-two villages within its district, which is subordinate to the Pashalic of Acre. The term Christian, as here used, refers to the Roman and Greek Churches, whose Christianity is utterly deform George Fisk, author of Memorials in the Holy Land, visited Nazareth in 1842. He speaks of attending vespers while there in the church of the Latin Convent. Only a few straggling worshipers were found assembled, reminding him strikingly of the condition of Nazareth in the days of Christ, when the populace, being offended at the meanness of the Messiah's origin, inquired, "Is not this the carpenter's son?" Lieut. Lynch, who saw Nazareth, June 11, 1848, speaks in quite a different strain from most travelers respecting the "In its secluded position," says he, "with a narrow valley before it, and mountains in every other direction, I liked Nazareth better even than Bethlehem, and thought it the prettiest place I had seen in Palestine. The streets were perfectly quiet; there was an air of comfort about the houses; and the people were better dressed and far more civil than any our company had encountered." Most of the forest-trees around Nazareth are a species of oak. The very large and overarching tree in our engraving has the appearance more of an elm-tree than an oak-tree. The tree on the right, and beyond the camel, is doubtless an oak, as well, also, several others to the left. The figures in the foreground are loitering in the vicinity of the ancient well of Nazareth, where, according to the general opinion of oriental travelers, Mary and "the holy child Jesus" often lingered, and from which they drank many a refreshing draught. The well is a very general place of resort, and travelers usually encamp within about eighty yards from it, in consequence of the convenience of obtaining for themselves and their camels a cool and abundant supply of water

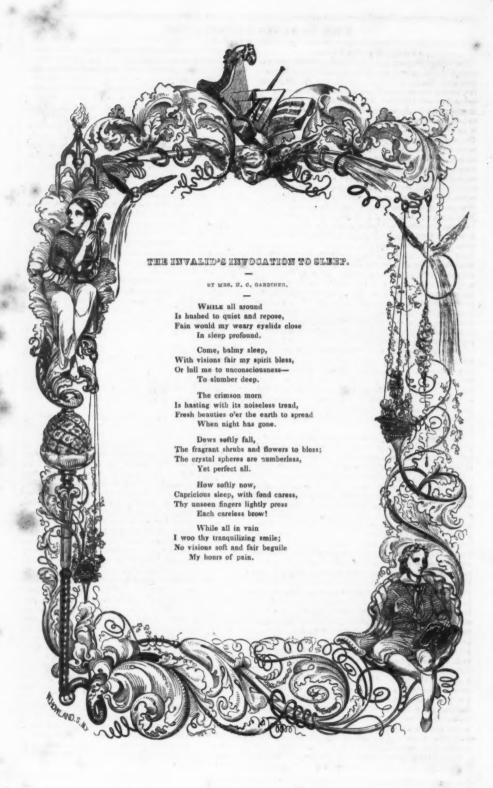
The Cingalese Scholars has many interesting associations connected with it. The principal character in the engraving, occupying the large arm-chair, is no less a personage than the celebrated Adam Clarke, LL. D., late Fellow of the Royal Asiatic Society. The portrait here given is most accurate, and is from a painting now in possession of the society just named. The two figures standing are portraits of two Cingalese priests, whose arrival in England, under the tuition of Dr. Clarke, is thus explained: When Sir Alexander Johnstone was made Chief Justice in Ceylon, he abolished slavery, granted the rights of freedom to all, and aided in establishing Christian schools and missions. As a consequence, a Bible society was formed at Columba, the first in British India, and translations of the Scriptures were made into the languages of the country. Mr. Johnstone encouraged the natives of the highest rank to visit England, in order that they might become acquainted with the more enlightened institutions of that country. The high priests of Buddha presented an address to the Governor on his leaving the island of Ceylon in 1818, requesting that he would take with him to England two priests of their order. Mr. Johnstone took them home at his own expense, and immediately on his arrival in London made known his views to Dr. Clarke, who, with his usual benevolence and zeal, laid the subject before the Wesleyan Society. The resalt was, Dr. Clarke was authorized to educate them at the expense of the society. Having completed their studies, and having likewise experienced a change of heart, these two young priests, neither of whom was thirty years of age, were baptized, in the presence of an immense assembly, in Brunswick chapel, Liverpool, 1820. They soon after left for their native home in Ceylon, where, having arrived, one became a civil officer of the local government, and the other a realous teacher of the doctrines and practices of Christianity.

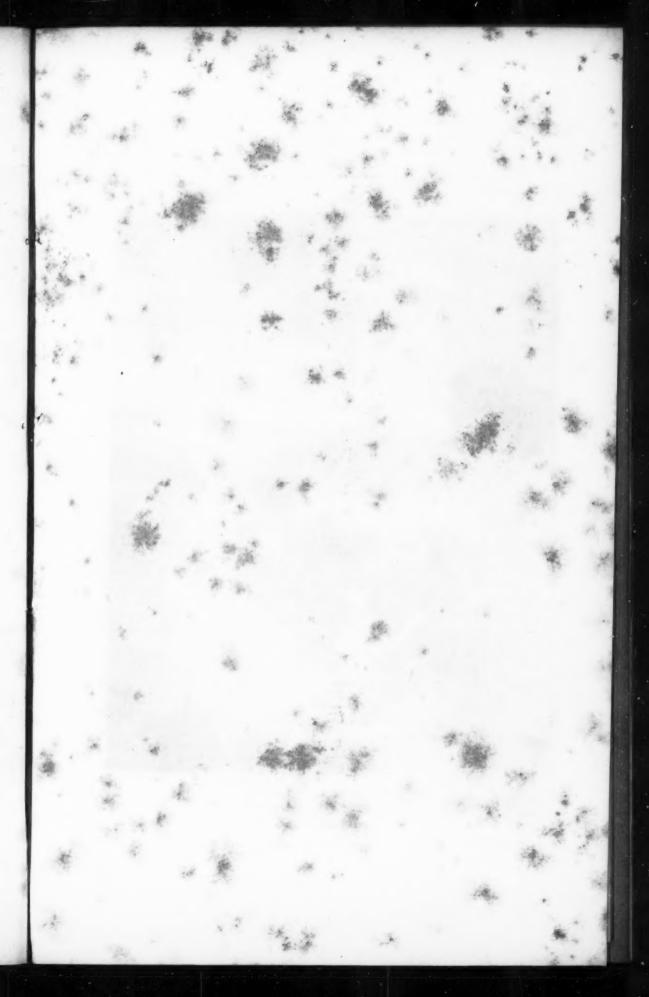
We acknowledge our indebtedness to Martin F. Tepper, Esq., for late copies of the Brighton Gazette, England, and also for several beautiful pieces of original poetry. The Death of Wordsworth, in our present number, we consider one of Mr. Tupper's best effusions. Mr. Wordsworth has usually considered the founder of the Lake school of poetry. He was born in 1770, and at the time of his death was eighty years of age. While we have never had ourself any very decided partiality for Wordsworth, we must confess that his poetry has very many qualities to commend it. Its morality is unsullied, and hence it can innocently be read by all classes. His poem called the Excursion, in blank verse, is the longest of all his pieces, and is pronounced his masterpiece. Picture of Christmas Eve, Ruth, To a Highland Girl, and Laodamia, are very felicitous pieces of versification, in the perusal of which the reader will be alike delighted and instructed. Mr. Wordsworth was appointed noet-laurente in April, 1843. His death occasions a vacancy of this post of honor. Alfred Tennyson, Martin F. Tupper, Professor John Wilson, of Glasgow, and Hon. Mrs. Norton have been proposed by different British periodicals, as suitable candidates for the laureateship. The office is far from being a sinecure, and could probably be dispensed with entirely without ruin to the British crown. Should the office not be abolished, however, there is none whom we would more delight to see filling the post than our amiable and talented friend, Mr. Tupper,

We have just had the pleasure of seeing nine parts of that most interesting and valuable production, The Bible of Every Land, from the press of the Bagsters, in London. The literary history of the sacred Scriptures is here presented in a complete form. The geographical location and statistics of every nation, tribe, and people, that have been blessed with a version of Scriptures in their own tongue are pointed out—the main features of every language that has hitherto been honored are described. This we know is the first copy received west of the mountains, and we have seen no notice of any having been imported into the United States. The numbers which we have examined were imported by R. E. Edwards, of this city, for our friend, Rev. Wm. P. Strickland, the able and indefatigable agent of the Bible cause for the west,

The examinations and commencement exercises of the public schools, private seminaries, and colleges of Cincinnati, for the present season, are over. We availed ourselves of the opportunity of attending several of the common schools, with all of whose performances we were delighted. The Central High School, under the management of Mr. Barney, we think not inferior to the best grammar schools of Boston or Philadelphia. Herron's Seminary, under the superintendence of our friend. Joseph Herron, is a school for boys of the highest grade, We are pleased to notice, as an indication of the merits of this school, that Mr. Herron has been compelled recently, in several instances, to reject applicants for admission in consequence of want of room to accommodate more. The Weslevan Female College, with President Wilber at its head, and Professors Miley and Lippit in the lingual and mathematical departments, still continues to maintain its high and enviable reputation. We were specially gratified with the progress of the pupils, whom, in several instances, we had the pleasure of examining and seeing examined by their teachers. Woodward College held its commencement exercises on Monday, the first day of July. Five young men graduated in the College, and five in the scientific course. Messrs. Biggs, Ray, Matthews, Maloney, and Lewis, the Faculty of Woodward Coll. ge, with all of whom we have some personal acquaintance, are gentlem admirably adapted to their several departments. Mr. Rufus Habbard, late principal of one of our public schools, has become superintendent of the House of Correction, which will be open for the reception of inmates early in September. From a long personal acquaintance with Mr. Hubbard, we think him every way adapted to his new post.

Several articles, from segular correspondents, which we had marked for insertion in the present number, are unavoidably deferred. We shall publish as fast as our space will allow, and nothing would give us more pleasure than entirely to surrender our columns to our correspondents, who, we feel assured, would do better for our readers than can we by any of our own humble efforts.







THE TRUBBITE MOREY NO. EXE. 21.







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